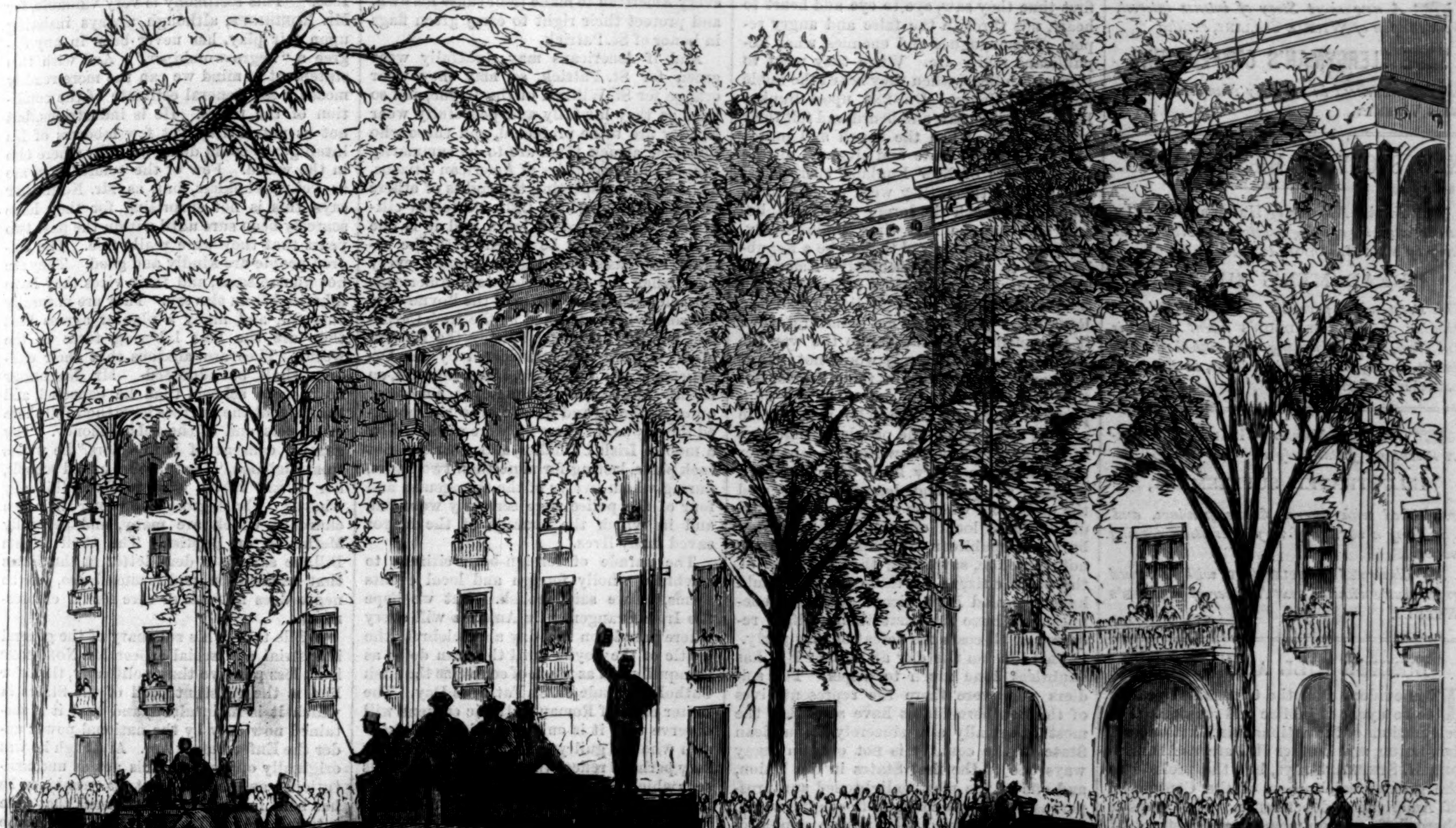
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIX.—No. 970.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1875. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1875, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



THE INTERCOLLEGIATE BOAT-RACE—STARTING FOR THE LAKE—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE GRAND UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA.
From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 618.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

We receive frequent complaints of the extortions of the news-dealers on railway trains in charging fifteen cents a copy for HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S BAZAR. The best way to remedy the evil is to subscribe directly for these periodicals, as well as for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, either of which will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1875.

NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

☞ *A new short Story of intense interest, from the pen of* WILKIE COLLINS, *entitled*

"THE CLERGYMAN'S CONFESSION,"

will be commenced in an early Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW STORY BY MISS BRADDON.

☞ *In this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found the opening chapters of a New Serial Story by* MISS BRADDON, *entitled*

"DEAD MEN'S SHOES."

This story, which promises to be one of the most popular of MISS BRADDON'S *recent novels, is published, by special arrangement with the author, simultaneously in the United States, in England, and other countries.*

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with several fine engravings, and containing a variety of very interesting reading matter.

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

BUNKER HILL AND UNION.

IT is evident that the Centennial year is to be a year of jubilee and reunion. The celebrations of the national birth at Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill are, as ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS says, but the prelude to the greater celebration of the Centennial of American independence. The "mystic chords" of common memory and instinct, of race and national association, of which LINCOLN spoke with prophetic pathos, will be touched to a strain of triumphant harmony, and those who are accustomed to think that we are a chosen and favored people will see no reason to believe that the countenance of Providence is averted when the bitter foes of twelve years ago meet in proud and happy reconciliation. It is a tendency too evident to be denied, a current too swift to be withstood. The hearty and sincere, not formal and merely courteous, welcome which the soldiers from the Southern States received at Bunker Hill showed them in a manner beyond art the essential generosity of their late opponents. In the city which has been held to be as much the metropolis of the extreme Northern sentiment as Charleston of the extreme Southern, those soldiers found—and each one of them will be a missionary to spread the tidings at home—the most honorable and manly spirit of fraternity, and, with the firmest adherence to every principle maintained in the war, a disposition of the utmost consideration and conciliation.

General SHERMAN, indeed, wisely warned his hearers that the friendly expression of the hour must not be misinterpreted. It signified no change of conviction, no relaxation of purpose, no intent or inclination to forget or to surrender any thing that had been justly gained, but it did mean a total want of hostile feeling or of vindictive reminiscence. The manifestation at a distance might have been misunderstood. It might have been thought an illustration of "slopping over," of the inability sometimes imputed to this part of the country of steady fidelity to its convictions, and of the eager readiness of merchants to renew their trade. But this interpretation was impossible to the Southern soldiers who were present. They could not be deceived. They saw men who, because they were the most honorable and cordial of friends, could in a just cause be the most resolute of foes. No wonder that many of them said that had they known what the men of the Northern States were, they would never have fought them; and they and their hosts equally felt anew that it was actual separation and carefully fostered ignorance of each other that both facilitated and imbittered the war. Each saw that union was natural, and that in it lay the secret of the common greatness and the common glory. The spectacle at Bunker Hill showed that the national reaction had begun against the feeling of estrangement and hatred which was not bred by the war, but was long antecedent to it, and of which the war itself was the natural and necessary result.

The Southern soldiers saw something else which will be of the highest value to them and to the country. When they were in Massachusetts and in Boston they were at the very fountain of political Republicanism. They were in the State and city of ADAMS, of SUMNER, of DANA, of PALFREY, of CHARLES ALLEN and STEPHEN PHILLIPS, of HOWE and WILSON, of the Conscience Whigs, the Freesoilers, and the first Republicans. For the first time they saw, eye to eye and heart to heart, not through the false and angry report of demagogues and enemies, what Republicans really are. When they went to Harvard College, when they heard the noble appeal of General DEVENS upon Bunker Hill, when they saw and heard and felt their vast welcome, when the bench and pulpit and trade of the State and city and all the civic officers of New England surrounded and saluted them, they were among those who are in much the larger part Republicans, and for the first time, undoubtedly, many of them perceived that to be a Republican is to be a representative American. The feeling of many natives of the Southern States in regard to Republicans and the Republican party seems not unnatural when it is remembered that before the war the Southern leaders not only would not permit a Republican to live in their States, but that JAMES M. MASON counseled the suppression even of those who would vote against secession. The people of that part of the country first knew Republicans after the war, when every kind of adventurer, political sharper, and demagogue assumed the name, and when so many unworthy and disreputable local officers were appointed by the Republican Administration. It is not, therefore, surprising that the mass of the older citizens of those States should have regarded Republicans almost as enemies, and have felt that their welfare required at all costs the defeat of that party.

This illusion the day at Bunker Hill has doubtless done much to dispel. The soldiers who were there the representatives of the Southern States have seen that the most essentially and sincerely Republican State in the country is not only in many ways one of the first States in the Union, and one of the most enlightened and prosperous and happy communities in the world, but that it received them with a sympathy and mutual understanding which is possible only among men of the highest honor and the best purpose. And the welcome was wholly untainted with any interested or partisan feeling or aim. It was the greeting of Americans to Americans, not, primarily, of Northerners to Southerners, not in any degree of partisans to partisans, but of men of a common country and of a common patriotic spirit and hope consecrating each the other to a common friendly union and humane endeavor.

The happiness of the event is in this assuaging of party spirit. It shows the citizens of the Southern States that a sectional party division is not only in every sense unwise, but absolutely unreasonable. Now that slavery is gone, and that all citizens are politically and civilly equal, the object of the Republican party, which is the honest and economical maintenance of the Union upon the principles which are incorporated in the Constitution, is as indispensable to the people of the Southern States as to those of any other. There are, indeed, hopes and a spirit of another kind in those States, of which we have often spoken—the spirit of the Ku-Klux and of the White League, which is hostile not only to the peace of those States, but to the welfare of the whole country. It is this spirit which counts upon the success of the Democratic party, not because all Democrats favor it, but because all the disaffected and discontented, the enemies of Union and of the equality of all citizens, support the Democratic party, while those who hope and mean to keep the colored race in quasi-subjection will control it. The Southern soldiers returning from Bunker Hill can not fail to communicate the impression they have received, and through them the really patriotic citizens in the Southern States will gradually perceive that their cause is that of the intelligence and industry and conviction of this part of the country, of which not every man who calls himself a Republican, but the best and general spirit of the Republican party, is the political representative.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

IT is very foolish for those who, being native elsewhere, have become American citizens, to celebrate historical events which have no interest or significance for us, and which appeal to feelings and prejudices which were better forgotten. But being American citizens, if they do wish to honor any day or event in a lawful and peaceable manner, they have an undoubted right to do so, in which they are to be protected and defended by the whole power of the government. American citizens of Irish birth who wish to parade and carry green boughs on St. Patrick's Day may unquestionably do so, if they conduct themselves peaceably, and do not obstruct the highways; and if people who have no reverence for St. Patrick—the devotees of St. Andrew, for instance, or St. Nicholas, or St. Yankee Doodle, or St. John Bull—should interfere with them, and fling stones, or hustle or attack them in any way, it becomes the business of every American to make their cause his own, and protect their right to carry green flags in honor of St. Patrick.

And if Americans may rightfully wear green for St. Patrick, so may they wear orange for St. William of the Boyne, and so long as they lawfully and peacefully wear it, they are to be protected, and those who insult or attack them are to be summarily taught the immunities of American citizens. This duty of respecting the rights of others is one which our Irish Catholic fellow-citizens find very hard to learn, and it is one which they should be taught with the utmost emphasis and rigor. Almost every year when the Irish Protestant Americans are celebrating the battle of the Boyne they are somewhere attacked by the Irish Catholics, but the latter celebrating the festival of St. Patrick are unmolested by the Orangemen. In Lawrence, Massachusetts, on the late anniversary of the Boyne, a score of quiet Irish men and women, who had honored the day as they saw fit, were assaulted by a mob of Irish Catholics, and a serious riot took place, lasting for more than two hours, during which twelve of the Orangemen and four of the police were seriously wounded, and in which the courage of the Mayor saved many lives.

The parade of foreign-born citizens to celebrate wholly foreign and local events seems, as we said, foolish. But we hope the Irish Orangemen in America will every where parade on this day and celebrate the battle of the Boyne until they can do so as tranquilly and as much of course as the Irish Catholics parade on St. Patrick's Day. The better class of Roman Catholic citizens will observe that it is only men of their persuasion who are guilty of this offense, and they may perhaps reflect that when any religious sect which includes many ignorant and lawless members declares that its head is infallible, those ignorant and lawless members will not unnaturally conclude that those who differ from them are ill-conditioned sinners whose heads ought to be summarily broken.

MR. NORDHOFF'S SOUTHERN LETTERS.

MR. CHARLES NORDHOFF has been writing a series of letters to the *Herald* upon the condition of the Southern States, which are among the most valuable reports that we have had from that quarter. Mr. NORDHOFF has peculiar qualifications for his task. He is an experienced traveler who has trained himself for observation, and who naturally detects the characteristic aspects of a country and people, while his mind moves rapidly and with great sagacity. He is, moreover, a man of positive intellectual and moral sincerity, and by conviction and affection essentially an American. A Washington newspaper, thinking that his letters might injure some Republican party purpose, sneered at him as a Dutch Jew, thereby, as Mr. NORDHOFF justly remarked, insulting two large and intelligent classes of voters in the very act of scolding him for alienating votes. Of Protestant German parentage, Mr. NORDHOFF was brought a young child to this country, where he has lived ever since with an intelligent faith in American institutions, and an accurate knowledge of them in which very few of his fellow-citizens surpass him. His Republicanism is of the best kind, for it is founded upon an absolute confidence in the self-government of the people, and in the conditions of that government which reason and experience have prescribed. But he is, as every intelligent man should be, thoroughly independent, and does not commit his opinions or his conduct to the guidance of other Republicans, nor think it his duty to support "through thick and thin" whatever is done in the Republican name. Hence, when connected with the *Evening Post*, he did not hesitate to criticise promptly and strongly whatever he thought in itself impolitic or wrong; and he has opposed very strenuously, with a great many other Republicans, the policy of the Enforcement Acts and the Civil Rights Bill. The best certificate of his sound patriotism is the ribald abuse of the Washington newspaper.

Mr. NORDHOFF has now been for some months in the Southern States, and he testifies that the fundamental policy of the Republican party—the conferring of civil and political equality upon the freedmen—was most wise and necessary. "The vote has given him [the negro] what nothing less could give—a substantive existence." And undoubtedly it is the elevation of the colored man to full voting citizenship which explains much of the remarkable difference in the results of emancipation in our Northern States and in the West India Islands. Again, Mr. NORDHOFF testifies that "free labor is an undoubted success in the South." The negro works; he raises cotton and corn, sugar and rice, and "more steadily and effectively this year than ever before since 1865." This testimony is very valuable, for Mr. NORDHOFF, although always insisting upon fair play, has never been in any degree a "negro-worshiper." And with this statement in mind we can the more readily measure his general estimate of the condition of the negro. He is industrious, but not as yet thrifty, yet few laborers of his intelligence could do as well any where else in the world. Few of the colored men are as yet freeholders, but, as Mr. NORDHOFF says, this is not surprising, for they have scarcely been sure until within the past two years that they were really free. The colored people are kindly and good. They are not quarrelsome, and their vices they have inherited from slavery. They are naturally cheerful, and many a planter agrees that they are the best laboring force in the world. They are anxious that their children shall be educated. Mr. NORDHOFF finds more schools than he expected, and thinks that the negroes have their full share of schools and of the school money. "By general consent of both colors," he writes from Alabama, "there are no mixed schools, nor would it be wise to force this any where." The negroes also prefer their own churches, which are many, and generally Methodist or Baptist. The Civil Rights Bill, he says, is a dead letter in the States that he has seen, and it must be so, for the negro does not ask or care for its enforcement.

While this is his summary of the general industrial and social aspect, Mr. NORDHOFF is no less positive that, politically, the color line is the constant peril of the States in which it is maintained, and that it is sustained now only by the national power under the Enforcement Act. Although he was originally opposed to this act as unconstitutional and inexpedient, he sees, since he has been in the States concerned, that some interference was necessary. But it has done its work, and is now only an evil. "A great change" has taken place in the minds of the white population. "The results of the war are universally accepted." "The labor problem is settled." The white man is accustomed to the perfect freedom of the negro, and political crime has really ceased, except among remote and lawless populations. The Enforcement Acts now only relieve the State governments of their proper duty in maintaining order, and are the sole means by which demagogues and swindlers retain their power. Indeed, he says they are the only element of trouble in the Southern question, and every body who wishes permanent and real peace should labor for their repeal. Mr. NORDHOFF adds, lest his feeling and point of view should be misunderstood, that he is "so strong a lover of peace and hater of injustice that, rather than see the colored people in the South abused or denied their full rights as citizens, I would advocate a law ten times as summary and severe as the Enforcement Act."

The irritation produced by the color line is natural, and its reason is evident. While the black vote is massed against the white, the white man, who is the property owner, sees the black, who seldom owns real estate, led by a few white demagogues or crafty men of color, laying taxes, making laws, and carrying on the government without regard to the wishes or rights of the mass of intelligent and substantial citizens. Mr. NORDHOFF says that he knows many counties in which the colored voters pay in all less than a thousand dollars of the annual taxes, yet, controlled by unscrupulous knaves of both colors, they constantly waste and misapply the taxes. Yet he says that the dislike of the plundered tax-payers is not for the colored voters as a whole, but for the swindlers who lead them, and this occasions a general hostility to the Northern men who are Republicans and have settled in the Southern States. These are socially "ostracized," but they do not wonder, when they see how their party is represented and

managed in the States. The only practicable and efficient remedy for this difficulty which Mr. NORDHOFF sees is a Democratic Administration for one term at least in each of the States where the color line exists, because that line will continue until the negroes learn by experience that a Democratic victory will bring them neither wrong nor outrage. This result has, he thinks, been reached in Arkansas, where the color line is substantially broken. Meanwhile the Democratic party itself will be divided in the State, and in 1876, in his opinion, the voters of Arkansas will divide into two parties regardless of the color line. The condition of many counties in the Southern States, and that forcibly maintained by the President in parts of Louisiana, would, Mr. NORDHOFF thinks, produce an entirely justifiable revolt or totally destroy society.

These are the views of a patriotic, thoughtful, and sagacious man, who is intent upon the welfare of the country, and not upon the success of a party. We dissent from his conclusion that a Democratic victory in the Southern States is the solution of the difficulty, because, if it be true, a Democratic victory in the country at large would, upon the same grounds, be desirable, for it would—if Mr. NORDHOFF be correct—show the colored race that the Democrats meant honestly to enforce the new amendments, and that we do not believe. Moreover, the general consequences of Democratic success, as they are now foreshown, would be calamitous to the whole country, for they would include inflation and an immense strengthening of the Roman plot to overthrow the common schools. This would be a perilous price to pay for the possible breaking of the color line in certain counties of some Southern States. Moreover, that line is in great part maintained by the white citizens themselves. The hostility to the recognition of equal civil rights shows what and where the real color line is, and Democratic success would certainly not lessen that. Mr. NORDHOFF thinks it a pity that both races can not attend the same Christian church. Yet he is content that they should not attend the same schools. Why? Because he sees and feels every where around him as he writes the real separation of the races. It shocks him in the church, because that is theoretically the common ground of all humanity. But certainly the success of a party to which all negro haters belong, whose feeling must largely influence the party policy, is not the way to peace. While, therefore, upon many points there will be decided differences of opinion with Mr. NORDHOFF, there is no doubt that his letters are much the most valuable contribution to our recent political literature.

RIFLES AND COLLEGES.

THE Irish rifle-match and the college rowing-match have attracted much attention during the summer, and have filled the newspapers with details. The London *Standard* rages furiously at America on account of the Fourth of July, and the simultaneous victory of the American "team," as the company of riflemen is called, made the outburst very ludicrous. The *Standard* seems to be angry because America is America, which we can assure the indignant newspaper is not a source of sorrow upon this side of the sea. The success of the riflemen was decided, and the generosity of their welcome very great. But there was another touch of comedy in the anger of the Irishmen with their own "team." This was curiously different from our American manner, which, the *Standard* will please to take notice, is doubtless derived from the English. When Harvard was beaten in the race at Springfield two years ago, the Harvard men did not curse the crew; they stood gallantly by them, and insisted that there was some mistake. The spectacle of the Irish crowd angrily yelping and yelling at the Irishmen who had honorably done their best is both a lamentable and a ludicrous spectacle. But after the wrath of the immediate spectators the conduct of the official and general public was most becoming. There was no stint of praise or expression of sympathy; and although the affair was very simple, and really meant no more than that half a dozen Americans were rather better shots than half a dozen Irishmen, yet its effect is undeniably excellent as giving the whole American people a character of manly skill in the Irish and English mind. One such event infinitely outweighs in the real public opinion a hundred of the angry or cynical articles of the *Standard* or the *Saturday Review*.

The college rowing-match has now become one of the chief events of the summer, but has that dangerous excess of "reportorial" attention which soon spends itself. The newspapers will hardly keep up the practice of printing several columns upon the subject every day for two or three weeks before the race, and when they fall off, the prestige of the occasion will suffer. It is not the least pleasant of the considerations connected with this race that the college interest in muscular sports is simultaneous with a revival of legitimate college activity, the elevation of the standards of scholarship, and the increase of the number of students. The entering classes at Harvard and Yale this year consist of more than two hundred and fifty students each. As a sign of renewed interest in the higher education, this is an important fact, because it may fairly be held to show a corresponding interest in every grade of education. And this is one of the national safeguards that can not be too carefully and constantly strengthened, for we must not forget that between one-fifth and one-quarter of the voters can not read and write, and that an insidious and powerful assault is making upon the freedom and efficiency of the common schools.

The relations of the national government to popular education, and of the higher education to national prosperity, were the subjects of orations delivered respectively by Hon. JAMES MONROE, of Ohio, before the Ohio Teachers' Association, and Professor C. K. ADAMS, of the University of Michigan, at the Cornell University, during the Commencement season. Professor ADAMS, alluding to the two hundred and eighty-five American colleges, quotes the report of President BARNARD, of Columbia, in 1870, showing that the number of college students is proportionally diminishing. But while this may have been true at that time of some of the Eastern States, we should doubt if it were now true of the whole country. One great reason that the college had lost its prestige was that it was so rigid and immovable in all its methods and traditions. In a rapidly growing and changing country it was the seat of a dry and dull conservatism. But within a few years the college has recognized and welcomed the true spirit of the age. Professor ADAMS's own university is an illustration of this renewed and reasonable spirit, and nothing is more evident on every hand than the awakening of which we have spoken, and which is of the best augury for the future.

PROFESSOR J. E. CAIRNES.

PROFESSOR J. E. CAIRNES, whose death was recently announced by cable, was well known to a large circle of readers in this country, and to a smaller number of friends here with whom he was in correspondence. For himself death can be considered only a happy release, for he had been long the victim of a cruel malady which made him absolutely helpless, but which did not touch the clearness of his mind nor the courteous patience of his courage. He was for some years Professor of Political Economy in the Queen's College at Belfast, in Ireland, but latterly he had lived near London, and was Emeritus Professor in University College, London. He was a friend and in some sense a disciple of JOHN STUART MILL, who valued him most highly, and who was preparing at the time of his death an elaborate review of Professor CAIRNES's last and most important work, *Some Leading Principles of Political Economy*, which was published here and in London last year. An excellent review of this work in the *North American Review* was very grateful to the author, who highly valued American sympathy and approval.

He was first known in this country by his remarkable work, published in the beginning of the late war, *The Slave Power in America*, which was the most comprehensive and philosophic treatise upon the subject that had been published, and which must always remain of great historical value. This also was republished at once, and Mr. CAIRNES was acknowledged as one of the most faithful and intelligent and sympathetic friends that this country had in England. Indeed, there was no man in Europe who seemed to have studied the situation more carefully. Yet his vaticination of the end was incorrect, for he thought that after victory the Union would consent to a division. He frankly confessed his error, however, and during the progress of the war and afterward his articles upon the *Trent* difficulty and upon negro suffrage were most serviceable in moulding English opinion correctly. He wrote much upon the Irish question also, and upon various political topics from the philosophical and economical point, and always with a thoughtful intelligence and a humane candor which are as admirable in controversy as they are unusual. His reply to Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's article upon the voting of women, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* last autumn, was a delightful example of the union of shrewd perception and acute reasoning with good-natured earnestness, which gave new dignity and force to a discussion which is often acrid and barren.

Mr. CAIRNES was a man of distinct and strong convictions, and of that thoroughly scholarly training which is always attractive and commanding. But it was, after all, the exceeding beauty and gentleness of his spirit, the simplicity and modesty of his manhood, and his brave patience under prolonged and terrible suffering which endeared him so closely even to those who had never seen him, and who knew him only by correspondence. For many months, too, he could correspond only by the faithful hand that never failed; and, supported by that and by his serene faith, he met the end tranquilly in middle age, to be cherished in tender memory as one in whom wisdom and goodness were blended in a character of singular purity and beauty.

PERSONAL.

DECIDEDLY the brightest and most entertaining of the weekly papers now published in London is the *World*, of which Mr. EDMUND YATES is the chief spirit. So largely has its circulation increased that new and larger premises have just been taken for it. Its sketches of prominent officials, members of Parliament, judges, lawyers, clerical dignitaries, and notabilities of all sorts, and the trenchant style in which it punctures pretentious shams of all sorts, are something quite out of the usual way with the literary weeklies of England, which are commonly distinguished for good grammar and decent debility.

—The late JOHN H. CHEDELL, of Auburn, bequeathed to St. Peter's Church in that city $10,000, to be applied to the payment of a mortgage on the rectory, $10,000 toward the erection of an edifice for St. John's Church, $3000 to Cayuga Asylum for Destitute Children, $2000 to the House for the Friendless, and $200 per annum to Rev. JOHN BRAINARD as long as he is rector of St. Peter's Church, one-half to be expended in charities. Mr. CHEDELL began life as a watch-maker and jeweler, was successful, and was one of the prominent men in constructing the railroad from Auburn to Syracuse. Subsequently for many years he was a director in the New York Central, and was known throughout the State as a man of strong sense, liberal, practical, and of the highest probity.

—Country papers ferret out so many things that occur in New York! One of these states that the advertising account of A. T. STEWART & Co. footed up about $85,000, or nearly one per cent. on their sales.

—The first Fourth of July celebration ever attempted by American Indians took place this year at Atoka, Indiana. At least 3000 Indians participated. They sat down to a bountiful dinner in a grove. Governor ALLEN WRIGHT, an educated Choctaw, was president of the day. He welcomed the people in an appropriate address. He was followed by the present principal chief, Colonel COLEMAN, who spoke eloquently in the Choctaw language.

—One of the notable persons of London, in a way, is Mr. CHARLES J. FREAKE, who gives in his spacious residence entertainments to a thousand guests at a time. He was originally a pot-boy, but in time grew into a small speculative builder. He prospered, purchased lands, built on them, sold them. From modest houses he built mansions, and what is known as Queen's Gate, where the most spacious and costly dwellings in the metropolis are located, sprang into being under his persevering toil. He employs thousands of men, occasionally gives a church (building it himself) to a new parish, erects schools at his own expense, is a millionaire, and occupies the largest of the houses he has built, namely, Cromwell House. The present Lord Chancellor and the Earl of Denbigh are his neighbors, and on terms of friendly social intercourse, going to his parties, and all that.

—Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY, writing of the rapid decadence of spiritualism abroad, says, "There is now not a medium of any fame in London whose fraud has not been exposed to the satisfaction of all except the large class of those who wish to be deceived;" and it seems likely that spiritualistic swindlers in other countries will soon be exposed in the same way. A famous spirit photographer in Paris has just been detected, the dolls and other paraphernalia by which he produced spirits on the negatives being discovered on his premises. And yet there are people who will go on believing in spiritualism, and who think that the dear departed have nothing better to do than obey vulgar mediums, to enable them to get money from their dupes!

—The late HENRY W. MOSIER, of Brooklyn, bequeathed $10,000 to be invested, and the income from it to be used for printing books and tracts teaching the religion of the denomination of Friends. The gift has been accepted.

—With the exception of bequeathing $10,000 to the Church of the Redeemer, Providence, $6000 to foreign and $3000 to home missions, $10,000 to R. LEE, Boston, $500 each to Bishop CLARK and Rev. Mr. WHEELER, the whole of the estate of the late ROBERT H. IVES, of Providence, valued at $10,000,000, is left to his daughter, the wife of Professor HAMMEL, late of Brown University. The house and $10,000 per annum during his life are left to the professor.

—VICTOR HUGO is said to be financially the most successful writer of the day, the estimated aggregate of his earnings being $700,000. For his plays he has received nearly $150,000. In this particular, however, he is far behind Mr. BOUCICAULT.

—Speaking of Governor ALLEN, of Ohio, the Brooklyn *Eagle* says: "He brings to oratory the volume of the fog-horn, the humor of TOM MARSHALL, and the indomitableness of TOM BENTON. He has a gorgeous conceit, which matches his abilities, his port, and his lungs. Standing in Cincinnati, he can address a meeting in Cleveland."

—There is no truth in the report that on account of disagreements between Mr. DELANE and Mr. WALTER the former is to retire from the editorial management of the London *Times*. The report was started in *Vanity Fair*, and is without a particle of foundation.

—The Sultan of Zanzibar is continually on the move, and the few minutes he spends at his hotel are invariably invaded by ecclesiastics and geographers, anxious to convert his subjects or explore his dominions. He is reported to have given a rather amusing reply to a missionary deputation the other day. "Oh, certainly," he replied, through an interpreter. "Your holy men will be made welcome, and I am quite sure we shall be able to convert them."

—According to Mr. JOHN WANMAKER, in a letter to Mr. GEORGE H. STUART, of Philadelphia, the most popular book in London now is the hymn-book of MOODY and SANKEY. Men and boys on the streets sing and whistle, "Hold the Fort," and other hymns.

—Mr. LISTAR, one of the wealthiest manufacturers of England, spent many years and over a million of money in search of a way to utilize rags. He finally succeeded, and is now reaping his reward, employing 4000 workmen in a factory that cost $3,000,000.

—General HAYES, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is reported to have been engaged in a game of ball with his two sons when news of his nomination was brought to him. To such base-ball uses the politician may arrive at last!

—Dean STANLEY, of Westminster, is said to be very like WILLIAM M. EVARTS in appearance, though three years older, and not so tall. A correspondent describes him as looking, in his scarlet collar, black stockings, and buckled shoes, like a figure from some antique picture.

—Mr. THURLOW WEED, in one of those exceedingly interesting communications which he occasionally makes to the press, sent to the *Tribune* a few days since some reminiscences of his confidential diplomatic visit to Europe at a time when the fortunes of the North wore a tint of most undoubted azure. He says: "When the dispatch demanding the surrender of MASON and SLIDELL was read by Lord PALMERSTON to the Queen, and the consequences of a refusal were explained, her Majesty was startled and distressed at the idea of war with America. Taking the dispatch to the Prince Consort, who, then in his last illness, was sitting in his apartment, the Queen asked him to read it, saying that she thought the language and spirit were harsh and peremptory. The Prince concurring in opinion with her Majesty, subjected the dispatch to erasures and interlineations, in which amended form it was returned to the Premier. In relating this incident to Sir HENRY HOLLAND the Queen added, 'That was the last time the Prince used his pen.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE intercollegiate athletic sports following the regattas took place at Glen Mitchell, Saratoga, on the 15th. There was a very large attendance and considerable excitement. The contests were all spirited, and showed the effects of excellent training. The two seven-mile walks were won by Harvard and Wesleyan respectively, the former in 65.15¼, and the latter in 69.49¾. Amherst won a three-mile run in 14.17, Williams snatched a victory from Harvard in a one-mile walk (time 7.50), and Yale won the hurdle race. Cornell and Union were victors in other contests.

The grasshoppers continue their work of destruction in the West. Dr. Charles A. Booth, of the United States army, in a private letter from Fort Sully, Dakota, says: "We have just had a visit from the grasshoppers, which have desolated the gardens completely. They passed over in great clouds, darkening the air like the coal smoke from a steamer. In one hour's time they destroyed a thousand dollars' worth for us. The gardeners say that at one o'clock there was not a grasshopper visible—at two o'clock not a vegetable. In some places they covered the ground to a depth of three or four inches."

Small-pox has increased in this city. During the week ending the 10th inst. there were 116 cases reported, against eighty-two for the previous week. Many of these were in the Thirteenth Ward, in the section known as "Stagtown," where most of the ragpickers live. It is believed that the seeds of disease are conveyed in their street pickings.

The Connecticut House of Representatives has appointed a committee to investigate rumors of bribery of members of the Legislature, especially of those from Litchfield and Fairfield counties.

A convention in the interest of the paper-money party is called to meet at Detroit, August 25. General B. F. Butler, W. D. Kelley, and Moses W. Field are among the speakers announced.

A daring band of horse-thieves, numbering a hundred or more, is operating in the Arkansas Valley and along the Kansas borders of the Indian Territory. One of its leaders is a noted frontier robber named Burnett. Ten of the desperadoes were captured by the soldiers with stolen property in their possession. They were imprisoned, but soon made their escape, and are now at large.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SPANISH government reports say that the Carlists under General Dorregaray have been driven by the national troops from Torrecilla, Guara, Sieste, and Boltana, losing many men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. They stoutly resisted, but were finally driven to the valley of Aran, in the Pyrenees. Being unable to penetrate into French territory, the Carlists turned back in the direction of Barbastro. Six officers and 172 men belonging to the rear-guard took refuge in France, but they were promptly arrested by the French authorities and disarmed.

An official telegram in the Paris *Moniteur* corrects the exaggerations as to the number of persons drowned in Toulouse by the recent inundation. Thus far only 216 bodies have been found, while the original reports gave ten times that number.

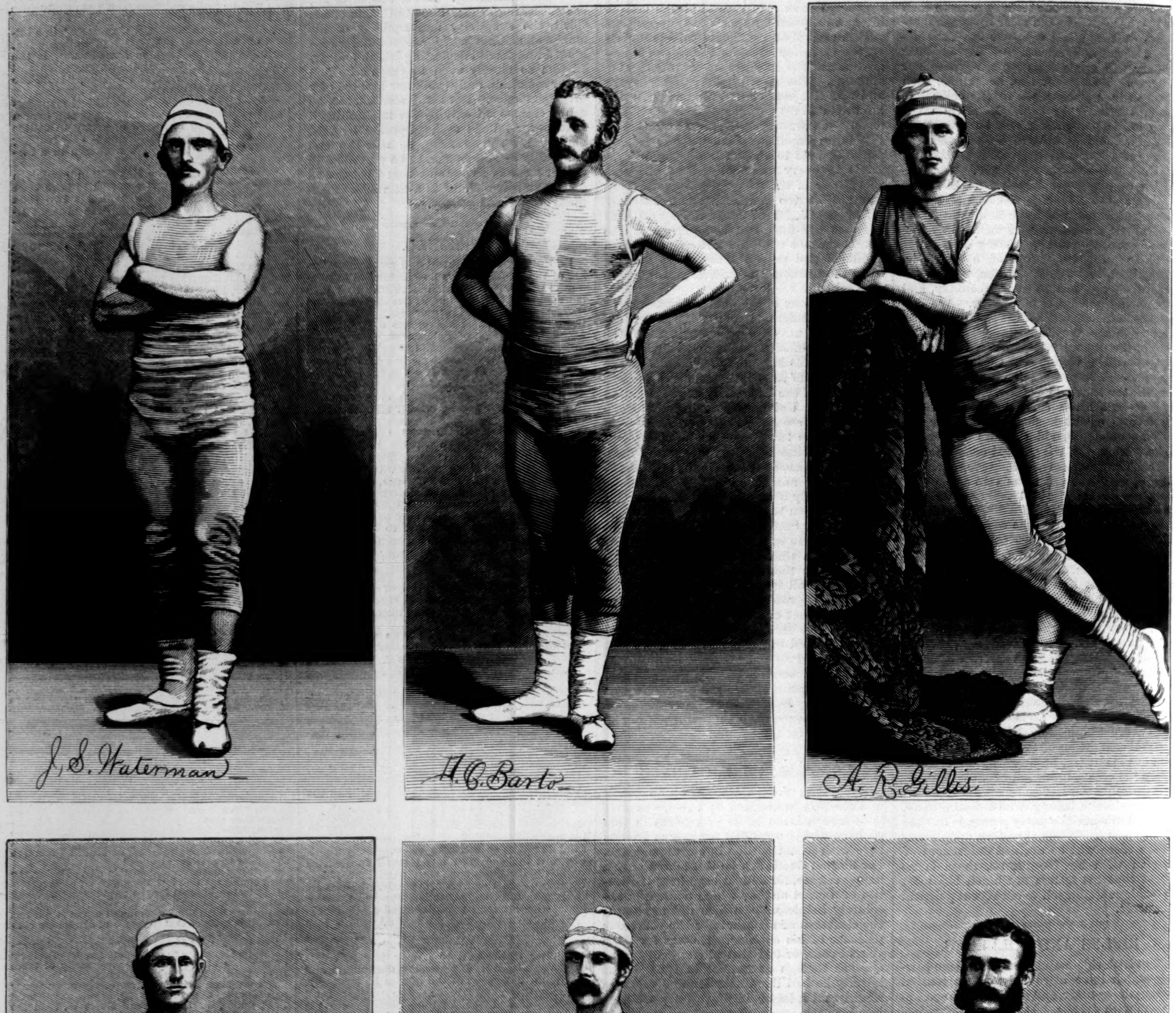
In the French Assembly, July 12, the University Education Bill was discussed in detail, clause by clause. All the amendments moved by the Liberals were rejected by narrow majorities. The clericals were jubilant, and congratulated Bishop Dupanloup on their success.

The steam-ship *Scythia*, on her way from Liverpool to New York, lost one blade of her propeller and had another crushed by coming in contact with a whale off Roche's Point. Otherwise she was not injured.

The draft of the new Spanish Constitution provides that the Senate shall be composed of 300 members, of three classes, viz., first, Senators by hereditary title; second, Senators elected by popular corporations; third, Senators nominated by the crown. All grandees of Spain receiving incomes of $10,000 and over are included in the first class. For the Lower Chamber the Deputies are to be chosen for five years, one representative to every 5000 inhabitants. The king has the right to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies and the elective portion of the Senate simultaneously or separately, but must convoke new Chambers within three months. He appoints the President and Vice-President of the Senate, and has the right to veto bills. Any person arrested must be brought before a tribunal or released within seventy-two hours. Either the Cortes or the government may decree the suspension of the constitutional guarantees, but banishment of a Spaniard from his country is prohibited.

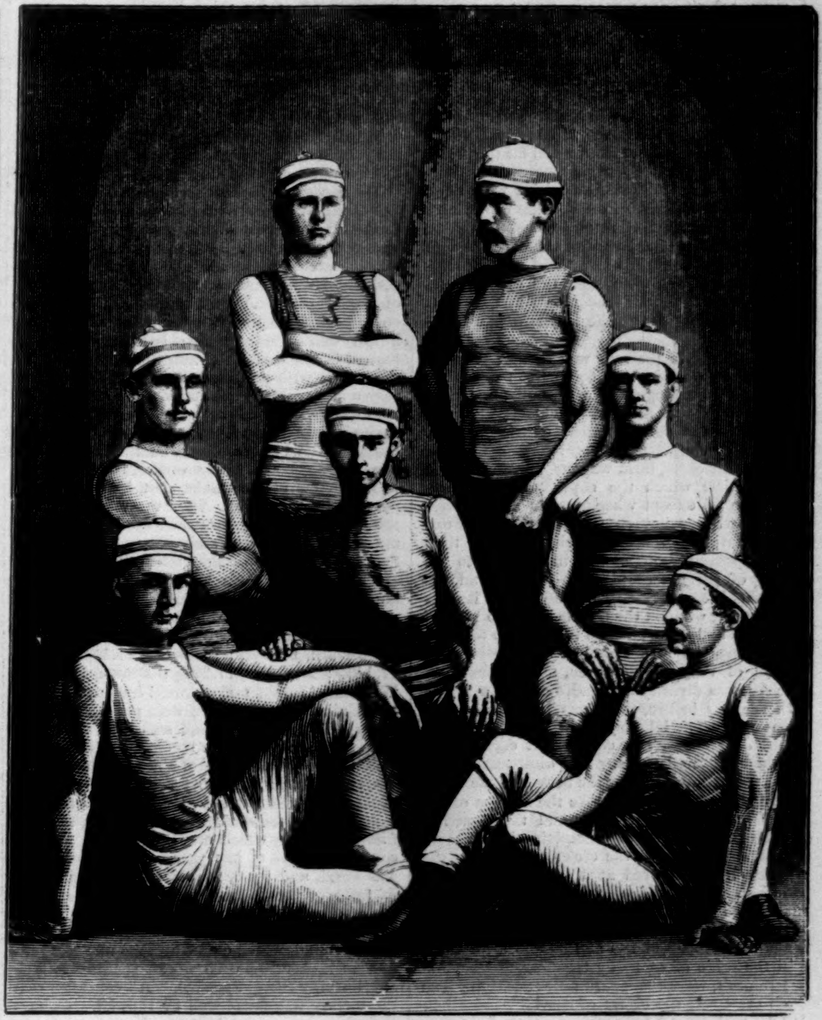
A special dispatch to the *Pall Mall Gazette* from Copenhagen says a Prussian war ship has been secretly engaged for several days in taking soundings off and mapping the coast of Jutland. An explanation will be demanded of the Berlin government.

Heavy rain-storms are reported in England and Wales. Thirteen lives were lost and much live stock was drowned. Great damage was also done to houses and crops.



THE INTERCOLLEGIATE BOAT-RACE—PORTRAITS OF THE CORNELL CREW.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEARDSLEY, ITHACA, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 618.]

A. H. BOGARDUS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.]



THE CORNELL FRESHMEN—WINNERS OF THE FRESHMAN BOAT-RACE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEARDSLEY.—[SEE "INTERCOLLEGIATE BOAT-RACE," PAGE 618.]

PIGEON-SHOOTING IN ENGLAND.

AMERICAN marksmen appear to carry off all the honors in the matches in which they are engaged across the water. On the 7th inst. a pigeon-shooting match took place at Hendon, England, between Mr. A. H. BOGARDUS, of this country, and Mr. GEORGE RIMMEL, the English champion. The provisions of the match were that each man should shoot at fifty birds, thirty yards rise, from five traps, five yards apart. BOGARDUS, whose portrait is given on this page, won the match, killing thirty-six birds to his opponent's thirty. He has challenged all England to shoot against him. We do not by any means approve of this style of sport, and merely chronicle the event as another instance of the superior skill of American marksmen. In all such matches the use of the artificial pigeons, invented by a humane genius, ought to be prescribed. They are so ingeniously contrived as to answer the purpose of testing the marksman's skill almost if not quite as well as live pigeons.

GOING TO THE RACES.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART FROM A SKETCH BY T. J. BRITTAIN.]

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE BOAT-RACE.

CORNELL may well be proud of her achievements at Saratoga this year. Victorious in the Freshman race on the 13th inst., she again carried off the honors in the great University race on the following day, when thirteen splendid crews, comprising the flower of American youth in physical development, contended for the prize. The race passed without a single drawback. The day was magnificent, and there were none of the vexatious delays or *contretemps* which have marred the pleasure of some previous regattas. A larger number of universities and colleges were represented than ever before; and it is a pleasant feature of the event that the unsuccessful contestants unanimously acquiesce in the result as being entirely due to the merits of the victorious crew.

The interest in the race was greater than on any previous occasion. At an early hour in the morning all Saratoga was astir, and the streets were thronged with all sorts of vehicles. "There were," says the correspondent of the *Tribune*, "stages, carriages, phaetons, two-seat wagons, buggies, dirt carts, farm wagons, barouches, and every vehicle which the cupidity of man can make use of, except wheelbarrows and plows." The crowd was immense. The main railroad had for three days been bringing in more than three thousand people a day, in addition to the swarm of permanent pleasure-seekers, and the town was literally full to overflowing. But as the morning wore on the streets began to present a deserted appearance, while the road to the lake was thronged with a ceaseless and motley procession of vehicles, horsemen, and pedestrians. The day was divinely fair, and, owing to a fall of rain the day before, there was little annoyance from dust. The lake lay bathed in all the glory of the July sun. The clouds that early in the day had obscured the sky had disappeared, and there was nothing to mar the beauty of the scene save a slight breeze that broke the surface of the water into dancing ripples, and threatened a roughened course for the competing boats.

The signal gun for the crews to gather at the starting line was fired at a quarter to eleven. Bowdoin was in place at eleven; Union soon made its appearance, and was followed by Cornell, Brown, Williams, and the rest of the crews. Yale, the favorite of the bettors and sportsmen, and the pride of so many friends and foes, and Dartmouth, were the last to take position. The Yale crew was the object of special admiration. "This might not be the winning crew," says the correspondent already quoted, "there might not be here the pluck or luck that secures victory; but this was the poetry of motion. The steady stroke, the rise and fall of the body, the rhythmic sweep of the oar, the perfect unity of the crew, made the entry of the Yale crew one of the epochs of the day. The six oars moved like one."

Some time was consumed in rectifying the position of two of the starting-boats, which had drifted away a little; but at last every thing was in readiness. At precisely 12.03½ the signal to start was given; the seventy-eight oars flashed at once, and in all the line not a boat missed its stroke. The sight was magnificent. Harvard gained the best start. The Cornell crew obtained the next best, and pulled neck and neck with Harvard. At first the difference in the positions of the several crews was hardly perceptible; but soon Cornell was seen to pass Williams, on the extreme west of the line, and to have an apparent lead of every thing on her side of the course. On the Snake Hill side Harvard shot out, dropping Hamilton on one side and Union on the other, and it was not long before she had a lead on Yale. The centre boats were pretty well bunched; the green caps of Dartmouth's and Brown's and Wesleyan's boats were well to the front. At the one-half mile the positions of the crews were as follows: Cornell, Harvard, Dartmouth, and Columbia in the front rank, with Yale, Wesleyan, Bowdoin, Brown, and Amherst close up. Princeton and Williams were slightly behind these. Union and Hamilton were in the rear.

At the first mile flag Harvard was leading, closely pressed by Dartmouth, Columbia, and Cornell, with little to choose between them. Yale, which had been slightly delayed by fouling with the first flag, was taking it easy, with a stroke but little above thirty. At the one and a half mile Harvard still kept the lead, with Columbia second, and Dartmouth lapping Cornell. Another quarter of a mile, and a change was apparent. Cornell had crept up to Harvard, and was about on a line with her, while both were pressed hard by Dartmouth and Columbia. Brown and Yale were about together, just astern, and Wesleyan was gaining on both. The pace told on Bowdoin, and she fell back astern of Amherst. Williams, Princeton, Hamilton, and Union toiled pluckily on in the rear. Before the two-mile flag was reached one of the Princeton crew, Mr. GEORGE PARMLY, of New York, fainted, and fell back into the arms of Mr. VAN LENNEP, and the boat, by this unfortunate accident, was thrown out of the race, and lay like a log upon the water.

Cornell had regained the lead at the second mile, pulling a steady, powerful stroke. Harvard retained the second place, though Columbia was beginning to lap her. Dartmouth was fourth, and the Wesleyan and Yale were bravely striving for the honor of the fifth place. Even the warmest friends of the dark blue now hoped only for a good position at the finish. All the crews bent gallantly to their work, and the excitement among the spectators on and about the grand stand reached the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The Cornell crew kept increasing their lead. Columbia, after a hard struggle, passed Harvard and gained the second place. The Dartmouth crew, with a gallant spurt, made a desperate effort for third, but Harvard rallied splendidly, and held its own so far as the green colors were concerned. At a few yards from the southern end of the grand stand the leaders made one last desperate struggle. Captain GOODWIN, of the Columbia, saw yet a possible victory, and pressed Cornell fiercely. COOK, of Yale, once more called on his men, but there was nothing left in them which could avail against the five crews ahead of them.

The scene now baffles description. The shouts from the grand stand swelled in volume; the thousands of spectators waved hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, and flags, and the partisans of the leading crews made the air ring with cheers. As the foremost boats swept by the southern end of the grand stand, their crews gathered their energies and put their whole heart and soul into a last desperate struggle; but Cornell's oars flashed in air, descended into the water, and cut through it with pendulum-like regularity and as easy and untiring a stroke as when she started. The day is hers, and in a few seconds more she dashed by the finish. The judge's white flag dropped, and Cornell scored another honor, and one gallantly and fairly won. The blue and white colors of Columbia shot by next, hotly pursued by Harvard. After the crimson came the green of Dartmouth, then the lavender colors of Wesleyan, and Yale's adherents were dumfounded at seeing her take the sixth place.

Thus was the great University boat-race gallantly contested and gallantly won. The official time for each crew was as follows: Cornell, 16.53¼; Columbia, 17.04¼; Harvard, 17.05¾; Dartmouth, 17.10¾; Wesleyan, 17.13¾; Yale, 17.14¾; Amherst, 17.29¾; Brown, 17.33¾; Williams, 17.43¾; Bowdoin, 17.50¾. Hamilton, Union, and Princeton were not timed.

On landing at the grand stand the victorious crew had an enthusiastic reception. They were tossed on the shoulders of their comrades with hearty cheering, and borne away from the scene of their splendid victory. On the return to Saratoga a grand fraternization took place, and the friendly feeling which prevailed was in marked contrast to that of last year. A band of music was hired, and the students gathered *en masse* in front of the United States Hotel, the headquarters of the Cornell crew, and serenaded them. Afterward there was a general serenading all round, which ended by Yale and Harvard mutually cheering each other, shaking hands, and burying the old grudge. All conceded that the victory was fairly won by Cornell. Columbia's friends were jubilant over having taken the second place, and Yale was somewhat repaid for her defeat by winning the single-scull race. In the evening there were balls at the United States and other hotels. The news of the victory caused great excitement every where, but especially at Ithaca. President WHITE, of Cornell, himself played the first tune on the University chimes, and ordered out the cannon belonging to the University Military Department. He also telegraphed his congratulations to the two victorious crews, as did all the professors in town. Cannon were fired from the hill-tops, houses were gayly decorated with the Cornell colors, and every body manifested joy over the result.

Our double-page illustration shows the scene at the grand stand at the finish, and gives with accuracy the positions of the several boats. The drawing was made from instantaneous photographs taken at the same moment by the well-known PACH BROTHERS in the tower erected on Tower Hill, Ramsdill's Point, by *Harper's Weekly* and the New York *Herald*, and also by Mr. E. ROCKWOOD, who was stationed on a temporary stand erected on a knoll behind the grand stand, and directly in line with the end of the course. From the tower the whole extent of the course was viewed by our special artist, Mr. THEO. R. DAVIS, and the *Herald* correspondent, and with the aid of the powerful field-glasses furnished by Mr. QUEEN, the well-known optician of this city and Philadelphia, the position of the several boats was accurately noted at every point. The tower was thirty feet in height, and was put up the day before the race.

On page 616 will be found the portraits of the winning crew, engraved from photographs by Mr. BEARDSLEY, of Ithaca, New York, to whose courtesy we are also indebted for the portraits of the winning Freshman crew on page 617. On our front page will be found a graphic and spirited picture of the street scene immediately in front of the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, when every body in the town was starting for the lake.

The Freshman race, held the day before the University regatta, was one of the closest and most exciting contests of the kind ever witnessed. Four crews participated, viz., Harvard, Cornell, Brown, and Princeton. At about noon the starting signal was given, the crews catching the water almost simultaneously, and all making a good start. The youngsters pulled with a dash that older oarsmen might be proud of. The boats shot past the two-mile flags in 11 minutes and 31 seconds, Harvard leading, with Brown, Princeton, and Cornell closely following. Soon afterward the Brown boys "caught a crab," and lost two lengths. At the end of 2¾ miles Harvard still led, with Cornell hardly second (so near were the boats to each other), and Brown and Princeton coming after. At the beginning of the last eighth of a mile all the crews quickened their strokes, and made a desperate struggle for the victory. Cornell's boat fairly jumped, and inch by inch she forged ahead, until with one splendid spurt she passed Harvard, and won the race in 17.32¼. The names of the winning crew are as follows:

Bow—LYNDE PALMER, Plattsburg, N. Y.
No. 2—ALBERT WILLIAM SMITH, Westmoreland, N. Y.
No. 3—VERNON DE LOS GRAVES, Richmond, Ind.
No. 4—JAMES LEEWORTHY CAMP, Dixon, Ill.
No. 5—HARRIS IRVING CARPENTER, Milford, Mass.
Stroke—JOHN LEWIS, Ithaca, N. Y.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"PLUNGED IN THE DEPTH OF HELPLESS POVERTY."

A GIRL-WOMAN alone on Battersea bridge, reading a letter in the December sunset—one of those mild autumnal afternoons which hang upon the skirts of winter. A girl in years—a woman in cares. Dark brown eyes set in a pale, sharply cut face; mouth rosy and beautiful in form, but too firm in its lines to be altogether lovely in a woman. A girl whom the passers-by look at interrogatively, wondering that so much beauty should go alone and so poorly clad. Her clothes are not common, but shabby—a black silk dress that has once been handsome and fashionable; a black felt hat trimmed with threadbare velvet; a seal-skin jacket worn bald at the edges, and dull with exposure to hard weather; gloves which indicate that to be gloved at all has cost the wearer a struggle; boots whose decay is no less evident than the symmetry of the slender foot they cover. She walks listlessly up and down the pavement of the bridge—just the one quiet promenade to be found in this neighborhood—reading a letter from home—or the place which was her home two years ago. She has seen much of the world during these two years—in her own opinion too much—for she has seen not the fair and shining fabric in life's loom, but the ragged sleave thereof.

This is the letter which she reads, not once, but three times over, with deepest attention, as she paces up and down the quiet old bridge, while the sunset fades from the cold gray river, and from that Dutch picture of old red roofs and water-side shanties on the Middlesex shore:

"REDCASTLE, *December* 11, 186—.

"MY DEAR SIBYL,—An event has happened which I think likely to exercise a wonderful influence for good upon all our lives. Stephen Trenchard, your mother's brother, the Uncle Stephen you have all talked about as children, and whose wealth was your poor mother's boast, has returned to England, after nearly thirty years' absence, yellow, wrinkled, withered, and eccentric in manners and habits, but I think not unkindly disposed to any of us. He has taken a house at Redcastle, and is anxious to have his nieces about him, as he calls it. Marion has already exchanged the discomforts and deprivations of a parish doctor's household for the Oriental luxuries of Lancaster Lodge. I dare say you remember the house, a square stone building with two tall iron gates, and two lodges within thirty yards of the hall door. Some people will have grandeur at the sacrifice of consistency. He seems—I mean your uncle Stephen—to have taken a great fancy to Marion. I meet her lolling in his barouche, trying to look as if she had been accustomed to ride in a three-hundred-guinea carriage all her life, and really doing it very well. Jenny has also been to see her uncle, but he thought her rough and uncultivated, and I fear that, with her present deficiency of manners, she has little chance of pleasing him. I have sent her to Miss Mercer's, as a day scholar, since Michaelmas, but as she *will* talk to the boys going and returning, I really think the change is doing her more harm than good. I have dined with Mr. Trenchard, and can assure you that the splendor of his table is something to remember. I don't pretend to be a judge of wines, though I could give you a lecture upon tannic acid, alcohol, and so on—experience, to my mind, being better than theory, and my opportunities of the rarest—but I know that after dining with Stephen Trenchard I felt as if my veins ran quicksilver. Well, my dear, I want you to have your chance as well as Marion, and I think the best and wisest course for you will be to beg a month's holiday from your employer, Mrs. Hazleton, and come to spend Christmas with your poor old uncle Robert. No doubt if you do your rich old uncle Stephen will ask you to transfer your society to Lancaster Lodge, and then you and Marion will have equal chances. I dare say it will end by his asking one or both of you to live with him and keep his house. He has, I believe, something like a million to leave behind him, and you two girls are his nearest relations, and his natural heirs. He has spoken very kindly of your mother.

"Let me know what Mrs. Hazleton says about a holiday. If a month is too much, you might ask for a fortnight. I should think it most unlikely that you need ever return to her. With such a man as old Trenchard for your uncle, and well disposed toward you, your teaching days ought to be over. Your affectionate uncle,

"ROBERT FAUNTHORPE."

"My teaching days," repeats the young woman, bitterly. "He little knows that they were heaven compared to what has come after them."

The letter is addressed to

MISS FAUNTHORPE,
AT MRS. HAZLETON'S,
19 LOWTHER STREET,
ECCLESTONE SQUARE.

It has been re-addressed by a humble friend of Miss Faunthorpe's, in the person of Mrs. Hazleton's house-maid, who has inclosed the letter in an envelope directed to

MRS. STANMORE,
AT MRS. BONNY'S,
11 DIXON STREET,
CHELSEA;

an address which indicates a descent in the social scale from the semi-Belgravian gentility of Lowther Street, Ecclestone Square. And how comes Miss Faunthorpe to be Mrs. Stanmore, while her affectionate uncle, Robert Faunthorpe, remains unaware of a transmutation which must needs have some influence for good or evil on his niece's future career? Marriage is one of those inadvertencies which can hardly go for nothing even in the easiest life.

"So Marion is exhibiting herself about Redcastle in a three-hundred-guinea barouche," says Mrs. Stanmore, putting the letter in her pocket, "while I have hardly shoes to my feet. I—who was supposed to be the handsome sister—and the clever sister—and the lucky sister, and I dare not show my face in Redcastle, not even if half a million of money is to be lost by my absence. To think that Uncle Stephen should choose just this particular time for his return; to think that he should return at all, when Marion and I made up our minds ever so long ago that he was little better than a myth, and was sure to have married a Begum without telling any body, and to die in India, leaving all his money to horrid copper-colored children. Lucky for Marion!"

Then, after a pause, leaving the bridge and entering the shabby street leading to Cheney Walk, she continues her self-communing thus:

"What shall I say to Uncle Robert? Suppose he were to come to town and call at Mrs. Hazleton's? He may have money now to pay for the journey. It was safe enough before. Poor Uncle Robert never had a spare pound, or ever wasted a shilling, except the shillings he had to pay for summonses because of being behindhand with the taxes. If he should come up to London! Or if Uncle Stephen should be in town and call in Lowther Street? More likely, that. Anglo-Indians are such active creatures. What am I to do?"

Thus disjointedly run her thoughts as she walks—very quickly now—along the narrow shabby street, past the fried-fish shop and the pork butcher's and the emporium for second-hand goods—from a picture of the Holy Family after Raffaelle, very much framed, to a flat-iron or a pair of bluchers—the green-grocer's, also coal-merchant, the cook-shop, with its steam-tarnished windows and reeking odor of boiled beef and stickjaw pudding.

"That reminds me," Mrs. Stanmore says to herself, as the reek of cooked provisions salutes her nostrils, "there's nothing for dinner."

She pauses and dubitates. Her eye wanders from the cook-shop to the fish-monger's, thence ranges to the pork butcher's. Her election lies among these. Cambridge sausages are savory but dear; and Mrs. Bonny, the landlady, has a trick of overdoing all things intrusted to her culinary art. A pound of Cambridge sausages, reduced to grounds and grease, are hardly worth the shilling they cost. Boiled beef is expensive and weighs heavy. For a cheap relish, a zest which shall make bread and butter supply the place of dinner, your fish-monger is your best friend. Mrs. Stanmore patronizes the finny tribe. She selects an eightpenny haddock, dried and salted, from the merchant's store, and carries it home with her, rolled up in brown paper. She stops at the cheap baker's for a half quartern loaf, with which the bit over is not unacceptable. "I wonder what Marion would think if she could see me now?" she asked herself; "Marion, who always complained of my pride, and called herself the Cinderella of the family. Her Cinderella-ship never brought her so low as this."

Home! bitter mockery of a sweet word. She turns out of the shabby street into a street still shabbier, narrow, dirty, and out at elbows. Yet, at its worst, not quite so bad as a modern street under the same conditions, for the red brick houses are substantial and roomy, and the worm-eaten oaken window-frames shut out the wind better than the speculative builder's shrunken deal.

The house which Mrs. Stanmore enters is dark and gloomy. The wail of a fretful child sounds from the basement as she lets herself in at the street door with a convenient latch-key. A glimmer from the kitchen stairs is the only light visible, and to this glimmer Mrs. Stanmore seems to address herself.

"I've brought home a haddock, Mrs. Bonny. Will you be kind enough to broil it at six o'clock?"

"Oh, very well," answers a querulous voice from unseen depths below. "You can put the 'addock on the window-sill. I'll come and fetch it when I've got time; but I can't say nothink about its being done by six, for my fire's got low after ironin'. The parlor has gone out to tea."

This last remark has a reproachful sound, as who should say, "You never spare me trouble by going out visiting."

Mrs. Stanmore deposits the dried fish, and ascends the dark old-fashioned staircase, smelling of mice, whose hurried scamper is audible behind the mouldering wainscot. One room, the first floor front, comprises Mr. and Mrs. Stanmore's share of No. 11 Dixon Street. It is happily a rather large room, with three windows, provided with old-fashioned window-seats. The furniture is old like the house, worn and dingy, but solid furniture that has served several generations of housekeepers and a regiment of lodgers. In the glow of a cheery little fire the dim old room has a homely, not unfriendly, look. The old tent bedstead has been pushed into the most obscure corner. There are two arm-chairs, with faded chintz covers, a sofa, large and ponderous. A round table opposite the wide old fire-place, another table against the wall, surmounted by a japanned iron tea-tray of a bright red ground, with a landscape in the middle; a rose-wood tea-caddy, a pair of blown-

glass decanters, empty, a family Bible—the landlady's—a ragged copy of Byron's "Don Juan," and two odd duodecimo volumes of Tom Jones, in brown calf—the lodger's.

Mrs. Stanmore lights a small paraffine lamp, takes off jacket and hat, and proceeds to prepare the evening meal. She has tea things and tea-kettle to her hand in the roomy and mousey old closet beside the fire-place—such a closet as is only to be found in old houses, large enough for half a dozen burglars to hide in, or a whole nursery of children to play in, and with all manner of odd corners and shelves, and perchance a cupboard within a cupboard.

Mrs. Stanmore fills the kettle, and sets out the tea things on the red japanned tray, and cuts a plate of bread and butter, and makes a round of toast deftly enough, though a year ago she was about the least handy of her sex in such small domestic offices. That stern school-mistress, necessity, has taught her many things. How young she looks in the ruddy light of the fire, as she kneels on the hearth-rug toasting that round of bread for the poor meal that is to be dinner, tea, and supper all in one for Mrs. Bonny's first-floor lodgers; how young and how pretty, every feature so daintily fashioned, eyes so darkly lustrous, coloring so delicate; young, and with much need of love and sympathy, of comfort and careful tendance.

"And so Uncle Stephen has really come home—richer than we ever made him in our dreams when we were children—and Marion is tasting all the pleasures his wealth can buy for her, Marion whom I pitied so when I left her behind me at Redcastle. She might pity me now from the depth of her heart if she could see me. She might have written to tell me the change in her fortunes—selfish thing. I suppose it is on account of my not answering her last two letters—such stupid letters as they were too—full of 'I hope you are free from cold,' and 'I trust you are enjoying the nice autumn weather'—and Uncle Robert's rheumatic gout."

She lapses into deeper meditation, looking into a red cavern in the heart of the fire, forgetful of the toast which hangs despondently upon the twopenny tin toasting-fork, shaped like Neptune's trident; meditation full of rue, for she has done the most foolish thing a woman can do, except one, which is to repent too late of her folly, and she is fast coming to that ultimate stage of foolishness, vain regret for an irrevocable act.

She is still kneeling in front of the fire, absent-minded, absorbed, when the door opens, and a young man comes in, slowly, heavily, like one who brings no gladness with him, and has no hope of finding comfort at home. He comes quietly to the hearth, lays his hand upon Sibyl's shoulder, and addresses her not unkindly, but with little warmth in his tone.

"Well, little old woman, brooding over the fire as usual? What's the matter now?"

"Not much more than usual," his wife answers, without looking up. "You've had your customary luck, I suppose?" she inquires, after a pause, during which her husband has taken off his shabby overcoat and flung himself into one of the arm-chairs.

"Yes, the wheel of fortune hasn't turned the other way yet. It revolves persistently, but always, like the planets, in the same direction. The immutable laws of bad luck are not to be abrogated in my favor. The fellows I wanted to see—butterfly friends of the past, who might lend me a fiver if I could catch them in the right humor—were all out. The situation I applied for has been given to somebody else. They had a hundred and thirty-nine applicants, the principal told me, and gave the berth to the applicant who dotted his i's with the nearest approach to mathematical precision. 'We take a man's handwriting as the physical expression of his mental bias,' said the principal, 'and what we want is precision.' Now you know I never dot my i's at all, or, if I do, the dot is so far from the letter as to make my meaning all the more unintelligible. So much for the clerkship. The commission agency we saw advertised turns out a 'do;' agent required to put down fifty pounds as a guarantee of *bona fides*. I applied for an agency in the wine trade, offered to a young gentleman moving in good society and able to push a new brand of Champagne; but when the wine-merchant saw me, he asked, rather pertinently, if I moved in good society in this coat. I told him I was a gentleman by birth and education, and knew some of the best people in London. 'Very likely, my dear Sir,' replies the grape-doctor, 'but you don't visit them. We want young men who dress well, and look as if they could afford to drink the wine they recommend—men who have the appearance of wealth with the unscrupulousness of poverty.' Rather neatly put by our friend the gooseberry-fermenter, wasn't it?"

"And you have done nothing, earned nothing, are no nearer earning any thing than you were yesterday?" asks Sibyl, without lifting her eyes to his face.

Yet the time was, not a year ago, when to gaze upon that countenance seemed to her like reading a poem; when every turn of the handsome head, every sparkle of the dark eyes—eyes ever of uncertain hue but always dark—was a thing to remember and dream about; when to watch him across a crowded room was quiet happiness, all-sufficing for an exacting love; when to hear his voice, gay or grave, was sweeter than music.

And now he sits a few paces from her, worn out, weary, dispirited, in sore need of comfort, and she can not raise her eyes from moody contemplation of the fire. The difference is marked, the reason obvious. A year ago he was an undeclared lover—to-day he is an actual husband. Then, there was not a many-petaled flower which did not suggest the question, "Loves me, loves me not?" Now, he has loved her, and won her, and they have essayed to sail along the river of life together, and found the navigation difficult—ay, hard and bitter as that weedy swamp through which Sir Samuel Baker's craft was toilfully dragged under Afric's torrid sky.

"You couldn't give a neater definition of my position," replies Alexis Secretan, otherwise Stanmore. He has striven to hide his destitution under an assumed name, just as his wife has kept the secret of an imprudent marriage by retaining a false address. Either mystery may be discovered at any moment, so various are the accidents of life.

"Don't consider me frivolous if I remind you that I haven't eaten any thing since half past eight this morning, and the perambulation of stony-hearted London is conducive to an inward craving. I won't call the feeling by so healthy a name as hunger. It's a compound sensation of sickness and emptiness. Is there any thing to eat, except bread and butter? It's a very nice thing in its way, but one comes to object to it on the same ground that Louis the Fourteenth's confessor took about partridges."

"Mrs. Bonny is broiling a haddock," replies Sibyl, listlessly.

"What good Catholics we are, keeping Advent all the week through. We had bloaters yesterday, and dried sprats the day before. All our days are Ember-days."

"Fish is the cheapest thing I can get, Alex."

"No doubt, but it generally entails after expense in the way of an extra half pint of beer. No matter. Let Mrs. Bonny bring forth the haddock," exclaimed Alexis, applying himself diligently to the toast, which Sibyl has just buttered.

She tinkles the bell gently, as a polite hint to Mrs. Bonny. She dare not give a peremptory ring, as she might for a servant whose wages she paid. Mrs. Bonny—when letting her lodgings—professes to give attendance to her lodgers, but that attendance is scanty, and yielded as a favor rather than a right. A lodger who wants extra luxuries, such as onion sauce with a shoulder of mutton, or fried liver and bacon for supper, must make things very sweet to Mrs. Bonny. An order for the theatre, or even an occasional tumbler of grog, has a mollifying effect on her disposition; the loan of a newspaper soothes her sensitive mind. The Stanmores are too poor to offer even these small attentions, and are sometimes backward in the payment of their rent, and thus receive stinted service grudgingly given. Sibyl pours out the tea languidly, and with the air of a person out of health. She eats a little bread and butter, but without appetite, and when the haddock appears at last, borne by a slipshod girl, Mr. Stanmore has that fish all to himself, Sibyl refusing any portion thereof.

Alexis contemplates her pityingly—tenderly even; that haggard, sickly look in the delicate face touches him.

"Poor girl, how pale and ill you look! No appetite too. That's a bad sign. I wish I could have brought you home something more tempting than this old finnan. A bird, a sweet-bread, or something of that kind."

"I could not eat the most exquisite dinner that was ever cooked, Alex, so you needn't trouble yourself to regret that. But I do wish for something very much."

"What is it, darling? You ought to have every wish gratified just now. You would, if you had married a rich cheese-monger, or a wharfinger, or a packer, or a cotton spinner, or a brass founder—any thing, except that lowest animal in the scale of creation, a broken-down swell. What is it, Sibyl?"

"I want ten pounds, Alex," she answers, intently, her elbow on the table, her chin supported by her hand, her eyes upon his face, attitude and expression alike earnest.

"Ten pounds, my dearest! We have been wanting ten pounds ever since our honey-moon."

"Don't speak of our honey-moon," exclaims Sibyl, fretfully. "It maddens me when I think how you squandered money that might have kept us in comfort for a year."

"My love, you are so easily maddened," remonstrates Alexis, placidly—he has never been seen out of temper. "I dare say it was foolish to go the pace quite as fast as we did, but you had never seen Paris, and April in Paris with the woman one loves is the nearest approach that I can imagine to Paradise."

"You speak as if you had tried it often," says Sibyl, with a sneer.

"Bah, child, a mere façon de parler. Do you remember our drives to the Cascade in the balmy spring nights, when the stars were shining on the Bois, and how we used to sit in the lamp-lit gardens of the café eating ices and making love? If ever we grow rich, Sibyl, we'll go back to Paris and have another honey-moon. But how about these ten pounds, little woman? What can you want with ten pounds?"

The young wife rises, glides behind her husband's chair, and leaning on his shoulder, whispers something in his ear—a something at which he smiles tenderly, sadly, and turning in his chair, draws the young face—so wan and yet so fair—down to his lips.

"By Jove!" he exclaims; "poor little woman! I am a brute never to have thought of it. You want to buy clothes for the poor little beggar who is to make his first appearance upon the stage of life, before the innocent lambkins have begun to bleat in the meadows, undisputed heir to his father's impecuniosity. The lower animals have the advantage of us in that respect, by-the-bye. The lambkins come into the world amply provided. You shall have the money, Sibyl. Yes, if I have to borrow, beg, rob for it. You shall have it somehow, even if I were driven to beg of my bitterest foe—ay, of Stephen Trenchard himself."

His arm is round her, and he feels her start at the name.

"Don't be frightened, little woman. That's only a figure of speech. I never saw Stephen Trenchard in my life, and as to begging of him, there's nothing more unlikely, since he is, to the best of my knowledge, an inhabitant of the City of Palaces, otherwise Calcutta."

"He might have come back to England, Alex, without your knowing any thing about it," suggests Sibyl.

"Ay, that might he have done easily, child, seeing that he is a very insignificant person in this big busy world, and that I know nothing whatever about him, except that he did me deadly wrong before I was born."

"And you were taught to hate him?"

"Yea, verily, before I learned my catechism I learned to hate Stephen Trenchard with a righteous and a godly hate, for was he not the falsest and meanest of men? and the Scripture does not forbid us to hate falsehood and meanness. If Eve had hated the serpent a little, humanity in general would not have gone wrong. Trenchard was like the serpent, a creature that crawled, a wriggling worm in the guise of a man. He wriggled and wormed himself into the fortune that should have been my father's; he wriggled and wormed himself into the heart of my father's first love; and he did all this wrong, deliberate wrong, mark you, basely conceived, the study of his days and nights, with a smiling face, clasping his victim's hand in friendship all the while, so that no thunder-bolt falling from the skies could have surprised my father more than the discovery that his archenemy was *there*, hiding under the mask of his humble friend."

Alexis has risen, and paces the room, fired by this memory of a lesson learned in earliest boyhood. As deeply as he loved his dead father, so deeply does he hate his father's enemy and betrayer. Sibyl watches him, thoughtful and perplexed. Of all things difficult to impossibility nothing could seem more so than to reconcile her love and duty to her husband and her desire to win her uncle's fortune.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	1.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	8.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	15.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	22.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	29.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	5.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	12.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	19.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday,	26.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	29.—St. Michael and All Angels.

The pamphlet of M. Lavelye, noticed last week in this Intelligence, is already freely commented upon by the English press. Its argument, which is capable of much expansion, is very effective. M. Lavelye shows that "in Switzerland, where the Latin and Teutonic races touch and mingle, the condition of the different cantons, and even villages, is determined not by their race, but by their religion. Neuchâtel, Vaud, and Geneva are extraordinarily in advance of Lucerne, Haute Valais, and the forest cantons. The former are French-speaking cantons of the Latin race, the latter are German-speaking cantons of the Teutonic race. Not only so, but within the limits of Appenzell, which is entirely German, the very same contrast presents itself between the Catholic Outer Rhoden and the Protestant Inner Rhoden as between the inhabitants of Neuchâtel and those of Lucerne or Uri."

After a trial of three hundred years it is seasonable to gather up the practical results of the two faiths. The facts are such as plain people can fully appreciate.

The Prussian bishops have determined not to oppose the election of the Catholic parish councils provided for by the new law.

The contributions to the treasury of the American Board have fallen off this year. The debt reported at the last annual meeting, held in Rutland, was $30,441. Appropriations were then made aggregating $495,000. During the first ten months of the current year not more than $309,714 have been received for the old work, $19,338 for the new. The receipts for the successive months have fallen below the average disbursements. The fiscal year ends September 1. A strong appeal is made by the secretaries for help.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have brought their labors in London to a close, their farewell meeting having been held in Mildmay's Hall, July 12. Seven hundred ministers were present, as also were Earls Shaftesbury and Cavan, and Messrs. Morley, M'Arthur, and Cowper-Temple. Speeches were made thanking Messrs. Moody and Sankey for their disinterested services to the English people. They declined absolutely to receive a memorial which it was proposed to present. They will very soon be in America again.

The time has not yet come for a full review of their extraordinary work in Great Britain, beginning at Newcastle-on-Tyne, November, 1873, and ending in London, July, 1875. Certainly its parallel is not to be found in the religious history of modern times. All classes of English society, from the highest to the lowest, have been interested; and the evangelists have borne themselves with a modesty and propriety which have disarmed unfriendly criticism. Whether the results of their work will be permanent is a question which time only can determine.

An appeal has been forwarded to England in behalf of the people of Iceland. On Easter-Monday the island was visited by a volcanic eruption of several hours' duration, which rained upon a district of 3000 square miles a storm of scoriaceous sand. The sand lies so deep upon the pastures that many of the inhabitants have abandoned their homes, with their cattle and sheep. The pasturage is now insufficient, and there is danger of disease and famine. It is proposed by some of the Christian people of England to send a ship to Iceland freighted with supplies.

Dr. Falck, the author of the new ecclesiastical laws of Prussia, has been making a tour through the Rhine provinces, and is every where received with enthusiasm. At Cologne the old families were largely represented in the crowd that welcomed him. At Bonn the professors and students of the university turned out to greet him. At a meeting of Dr. Falck with the students the rector of the university proposed "the health of all those who never ceased to learn, and, above all others, of Prince Bismarck, who had had to learn a great deal before he was wise enough to call Dr. Falck to his assistance in the war against the powers of darkness."

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the veteran missionary, who has spent so many years in Constantinople, presents in a review of a recent history of the Mohammedans a careful estimate of the Turkish race. He says: "No people that has received that faith has so glorious a history as the Osmanlee Turks. Their dynasty has remained unchanged and unbroken for almost six centuries. They subdued Christian and Saracen, and took possession of, and still rule over, some of the fairest portions of the old Roman Empire in Europe, Asia, and Africa. They are a strong, brave, substantial race; their inferiority to Christian nations is due entirely to their religion and not to their race. With all the weight of Islamism upon them, they have maintained a position and exercised a power in three continents never equaled by any other Mohammedan empire."

Church and state have recently been entirely separated in the English colony of Victoria. Originally, under the Constitution Act provided by Parliament, £50,000 of the revenue of the colony were appropriated annually for the support of religion. It was intended that this grant should be distributed impartially, each year, among all the denominations, in proportion to their numbers. The Baptists and Independents refused to accept it; the Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans received their shares. The plan did not work satisfactorily, and an act was passed providing that after five years the government subsidy should cease. The five years have now expired, and church and state are now in Victoria free of all legal connection with each other.

An incident occurred at the meeting of the General Baptist Association of England, in Wisbech, which made for a time no little excitement. The English Baptist churches hold some to open and others to close communion; that at Wisbech belongs to the latter class. At the Lord's Supper celebrated by the Association all but Baptists were excluded, so that the senior Non-conformist minister of the town was compelled to withdraw. When this fact became known, the Rev. Dr. Jabez Burns protested against the exclusion. He mentioned that a portion of the communion service used on the occasion "actually belonged to a minister who was excluded." Other ministers of the Association joined in the protest.

Both parties in the Church of England are preparing for the conflict which the Public Worship Regulation Act, in force since July 1, makes inevitable. The Exeter branch of the English Church Union has resolved to undertake the defense of such members as are prosecuted under this new law. A pamphlet is in circulation which advises the clergy to transfer their property to trustees, so that they may be free from all pecuniary liability.

A petition signed by 140,000 persons has been handed to the British Home Secretary for presentation to the Queen, praying her not to sanction the legalization of eucharistic vestments or the "eastward position." The Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury adopted on July 2 a resolution recommending that, in celebrating the communion, it shall be sufficient for the officiating minister to wear a "surplice, with the addition of a stole or scarf, with the hood of his degree," and that the vestments specified in the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. be not worn without previous consent of the bishop.

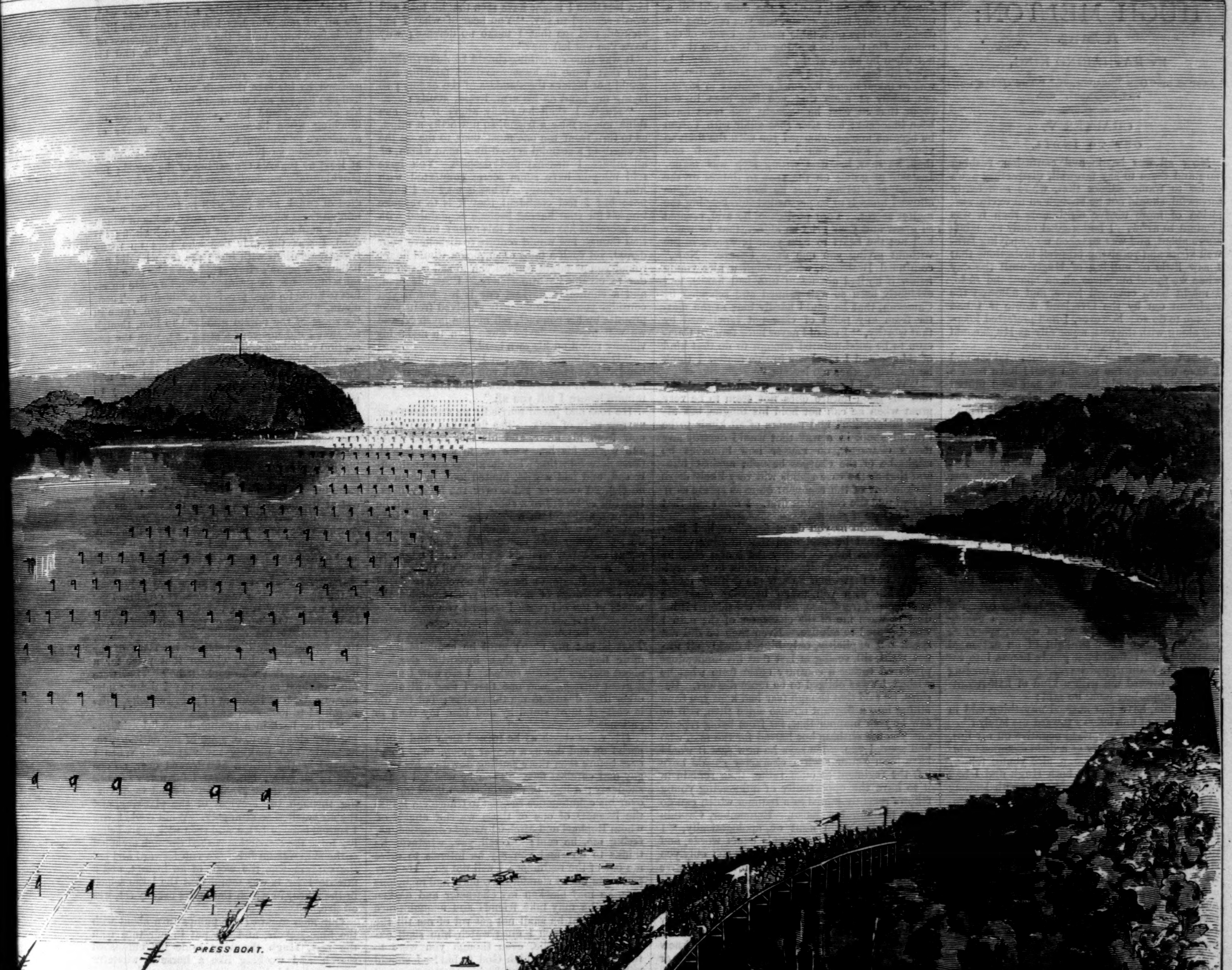
A correspondent of the London *Times* gives full particulars of the epidemic of measles which has been raging in Feejee. It was brought from Sydney by the ex-king Cakobau, but the natives regard it as a Divine visitation for having ceded their islands to the English Christians. The difficulty of treating them was increased by their terror and their refusal to take proper care of themselves. Among the dead are many chiefs and a brother of the King; 20,000 in all have perished.

The title of Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Contemporary Review*—"Is the Church of England worth Preserving?"—shows the point which the disestablishment controversy has reached. He comes in the end to these conclusions:

"1. The Church of this great nation is worth preserving; and for that end much may well be borne. 2. In the existing state of minds and of circumstances, preserved it can not be if we shift its balance of doctrinal expression, be it by an alteration of the Prayer-book (either way) in contested points, or be it by treating rubrical interpretations of the matters heretofore most sharply contested on the basis of 'doctrinal significance.' 3. The more we trust to moral forces, and the less to penal proceedings (which are to a considerable extent exclusive one of the other), the better for the Establishment, and even for the Church. 4. If litigation is to be continued, and to remain within the bounds of safety, it is highly requisite that it should be confined to the repression of such proceedings as really imply unfaithfulness to the national religion. 5. In order that judicial decisions on ceremonial may habitually enjoy the large measure of authority, finality, and respect which attaches in general to the sentences of our courts, it is requisite that they should have uniform regard to the rules and results of full historical investigation, and should, if possible, allow to stand over for the future matters insufficiently cleared rather than decide them upon partial and fragmentary evidence."

The article is regarded as counseling forbearance to the parties who are preparing to enforce or to contest the new Public Worship Regulation Law.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE BOAT-RACE—CORNELL WI SKETCH



Sketches and Instantaneous Photographs.—[See Page 618.]

HUGH MELTON:

A Story.

By KATHARINE KING,

Author of "Our Detachment," "The Queen of the Regiment," etc.

CHAPTER V.

OUT TO INDIA.

Now all was bustle and confusion, rushing here and there to say farewell, distracting one's brains to frame adieux that, while sufficiently sorrowful, should not be enough so to excite suspicion of more tender sentiments than it was prudent to avow. I had a good many acquaintances about, and was so taken up by paying farewell visits and receiving farewell invitations that I saw little or nothing of Hugh until the day when we found ourselves all on board the *Echo*. I might have obtained leave, and followed the regiment out by the Overland Route if I had chosen to do so; however, I had preferred keeping along with the rest, especially as Hugh could not have remained behind with me.

Our quarters were tolerably comfortable; and I have no doubt the voyage would have been a pleasant one if only Cameron had been moved by some good spirit to stay behind and follow us overland. I had heard him talking of it before we left, but for some reason he had altered his mind; and there he was, with his sneaking, self-complacent smile and his creeping, insidious ways. Percy Langham, Templeton, and one or two others of the nicest set were not with us; they would come out afterward. But their absence contributed greatly, no doubt, to the disagreeable nature of the voyage. We had been only four or five days at sea, and going well before the wind as we were, Hugh and I found it not unpleasant. Those who had been seasick were recovering, and beginning to crawl about, reminding one of sickly caterpillars, with their feeble gait and enormous appetites.

Hugh and I were standing leaning over the taffrail in the stern—I smoking, Hugh gazing idly over the blue expanse of water, sparkling under the crisp clear sunlight of an autumnal morning, and ruffled by a gentle breeze into innumerable foam-tipped wavelets—when, turning suddenly toward me with a kind of half-resentful, half-appealing look, he said:

"Charlie, have you noticed any thing odd in the manner of our fellows toward me lately?"

I turned with a surprised negative on my lips, when, as I did so, I saw at a little distance Cameron talking to Brabazon, a nice young fellow, not long joined, to whom both Hugh and I had taken rather a fancy. They were both looking at us, but perceiving that I was watching them, they turned away with a kind of confused manner, and walked off. I then remembered that for the last day or two Brabazon never seemed to have time to come and chat with us in the stern as he used at first; and whenever we had tried to stop him for a minute, he had hurried away, saying, "Excuse me, I am busy." My answer, therefore, died away on my lips; for I began to feel that perhaps it might be as Hugh had suggested, though I had not yet remarked any thing. He continued:

"I see, your silence tells me that you have noticed it. I am convinced Cameron is at the bottom of it. Wait and watch; you will see I am right; and if I am, I will tell you something I have hitherto kept concealed, greatly against my will, for I much wanted your counsel. A promise kept me silent, however; but I shall consider myself absolved from it—at least with regard to you—if what I suspect be the case."

We said no more then; but I was surprised at Hugh's mentioning a secret, as I thought we knew every thing about each other; and also I was annoyed to think it possible that any one could presume to avoid him, or treat him as an unfit companion for the best among us.

I had not long to wait for confirmation of the suspicions Hugh had put into my head. That afternoon, as we sat in a snug little nook we had discovered among some coils of rope and bundles of sails, Brabazon and Solace came into our retreat, as though intending to sit there and smoke like ourselves.

"Ah, you have found out our hiding-place!" I exclaimed. "Isn't it jolly? There's room for you two. Come and have a chat with us."

"Oh no; I don't think we can stay," answered Brabazon, hurriedly, looking at Hugh askance, and seeming nervously anxious to draw Solace away with him.

Hugh looked at him calmly for a minute or two without speaking, and then raising himself slowly, but with determination expressed in every movement, from the reclining position he had occupied, he said:

"You don't wish to be contaminated by my society. Isn't that it, Brabazon?"

The lad looked badly scared, and only stammered, "I—I—don't know what you mean, Captain Melton."

"Come, speak the truth like a man," he answered, sternly. "Don't be afraid. I shall keep all my wrath for those who have filled your mind with evil thoughts of me. You must tell me," he continued, springing to his feet, and placing himself in front of the young fellow, who would gladly have escaped had he been able.

"Never mind, Brabazon," interposed Solace at this juncture. "Tell Melton every thing; it will give him a chance of contradicting those vile stories which he has never before had, as he has never heard them clearly yet. As for me, I don't believe them, and so I told you when you repeated them to me."

Thus encouraged, Brabazon, still greatly terrified, began:

"Cameron says he saw you enter Captain James's room, and, passing the door without a thought of any thing wrong, saw you opening the desk, which lay on a table near the centre of the room. He thought nothing of it at the time; but when he heard of the loss of the money, imagine his feelings. He says, Captain Melton, he was so taken aback by your effrontery in saying out boldly at mess that you had been in the room, that at first he thought you must have been innocent; but after that affair with Tufton he became uneasy, charged you with the theft to your face, forced you to acknowledge it, and then, he says, his first wrong step was taken. Instead of going on the spot to James or the colonel, and telling what he had discovered, he allowed himself to be persuaded into keeping the matter secret. Your penitence, he said, seemed so great and your grief so abject, that he really had not the heart to ruin your prospects in life without giving you one more chance. Now," continued Brabazon, who, though a nice young fellow if he had not fallen into bad hands, had evidently been so well primed and schooled by Cameron, that he could hardly look at the matter from any point of view not sanctioned by that worthy, "I should never have fancied Cameron to be good-natured enough to do that kind of thing; and I must say in this matter I think he was altogether too lenient."

"Well, all I can say," answered Solace, "is, that his good nature does not seem to be very great when he can not hold his tongue, but allows insinuations and rumors of all kinds to be bruited about in a way that would destroy any man's character, no matter how innocent he might be of the charges brought against him, and that as the case stands will very likely drive Melton out of the regiment quite as surely as if he had told the colonel at first. I don't call that good nature if you do."

"I thought as you do at first," replied Brabazon; "but he explained that nothing would have induced him to betray the secret once he had allowed you, Melton, to remain in the regiment; but that when he saw me drifting into a friendship with you, taken by your charming manner and frank face, he then considered it his duty to warn me of the character of the man I was disposed to admire. Even then he did not speak out explicitly, only hinted darkly all was not right, till, seeing at last that his innuendoes produced rather a contrary effect from what he wished, he was obliged to be more distinct. Besides, he said that though fear had kept you from falling into a flagrant offense since then, still he saw by your manner that, far from being repentant, you felt nothing but hatred for the man who had spared you. He says he now sees it would have been better such a character should have left the regiment at once rather than remain in it to have the opportunity of influencing young fellows recently joined in a manner which can do them nothing but harm. Remember, Captain Melton," Brabazon went on, apologetically, "I am only repeating Cameron's exact words, and am very sorry to pain you by doing so; only you would insist on hearing them, and he never gave me to understand I was not to repeat them."

"Judging by physiognomy," interrupted Solace, "Cameron looks much more likely to commit a theft than Melton. Yet I can not fancy such a knowing fellow would have committed himself by spreading scandals unless he knew that you, Melton, were bound in some way or by some promise that would prevent your vindicating your character in the eyes of the world. However, I am glad now you have heard it all, and I for one will believe your simple denial in preference to Cameron's sneaking lies."

"Thanks, Solace," said Hugh, looking up dejectedly, but still proudly, into the young fellow's face. "I think you know me well enough to judge the measure of faith you can attach to such slanders. Circumstances prevent my disproving them as I might do; my denial is all I can give you. To you I am sure it will be all that is necessary; to others I feel it will not be as worthy of belief as Cameron's aspersions."

"It is enough for me," said Solace, a nice young fellow whom we both liked; "and I am glad to have your word, though I would have believed you without that. It is a pity you won't disprove them, though; for you know a great many people will try and catch hold of your silence to make the matter worse. Think it over, and see if you can show up his falsehoods. And now, Brabazon, that you have told all about it, and are, I hope, as satisfied as I am, we will go and take a turn on the quarter-deck."

As their footsteps died away in the distance, and silence fell around us—for there was no one now any where near—I glanced at Hugh to see how he took this fresh evidence of his enemy's untiring, unpitying hate.

His face was buried in his hands, but his hurried breathing showed how keenly he felt the shame of such a charge. I pitied him for his misplaced trust, and though I never doubted his truth, I could see that Cameron had some hold over him that might avail to work his destruction. It was too true what Solace had said; though one or two might and would believe his word, by far the greater number would only exult in his downfall, and point to his silence—springing, I was sure, from some noble cause—as the proof that the accusations of his enemy were true, and he had nothing to answer against them. I waited for a few minutes, and was then about to try some effort at consolation, though hardly knowing what to say, when he looked up, turning his frank, honest eyes on me as he said,

"Why, Cairnsford, are you still here?"

I knew well what he meant, and why he had not used the familiar name of Charlie, by which he had so long called me. I saw that the iron had entered into his soul; though why he should care about a stigma I felt confident he could remove I could not imagine. Still he did care; he was cut to the heart, and even one who liked him less than I might have seen that his tone and words seemed to say, "You hear of what I am accused, and see that I make no defense; why have you not left me?"

It was time something should be done to show him that some at least remained faithful, and would not believe the slanders of the enemy; so laying my hand on his arm, I said, gently:

"Hugh, I shall be really angry if you can think me so false a friend, so unworthy a mind, as to turn from the one most dear to me on the strength of a scandal spread by a man whom, of all others, I distrust and despise. You have told me you have some secret connected with him in your keeping. What it may be I know not; but I feel confident that it is to revenge himself for your having become acquainted with his secret he has invented this report, in the hope that though few would venture to disbelieve your denial, yet such a taint of suspicion would linger round you as might compel you to sell out in order to escape its atmosphere. I see his plan, and a cunningly devised one it is; but if you consider yourself sufficiently absolved from your promise by his conduct, tell me the mystery, and we will together devise some plan to make his villainy recoil on his own head."

"Dear friend," answered Hugh, grasping my hand, "I can never thank you enough for standing by me in this cruel trial. Let me think one minute before I tell you all."

He rose and paced hurriedly up and down our narrow strip of deck. The flush had died away now from his brow, and his face looked white and worn; his lips were set in a rigid line of fierce determination; his dark eyes were painfully sad, and had a wild, hunted look in them as he glanced once or twice over the blue waters, heaving as he did so a short sigh. At length he stopped, and said, in a low voice, "I can't help it, Charlie; those who think badly of me must do so. What that young fellow said just now about Cameron reminds me of what I ought to do. A promise must be kept at all risks. He knows he is safe, or he would never have dared say such things of me. Do you remember the words of the old poem I showed you once?—

> 'Let me be false in others' eyes,
> So faithful in mine own.'

That is just my case; until he commits some more flagrant offense than inventing slanders about me, my lips are sealed. I see now I made a great mistake, and one that I fear will affect other lives dearer to me than mine; but the die is cast—I must stand by and bide my time in patience."

His voice shook as he turned away and again paced up and down, a deeper gloom than I had ever before seen there settling down on his once gay and careless face. Then he wheeled round suddenly; a light of determination breaking out over his countenance seemed to transform it into the likeness of one of those warrior angels of whom Raphael and Michael Angelo dreamed, as, facing me, he said: "I tell you, whatever he thinks to do—and you say he intends to drive me out of the regiment—I will not go. He may persecute me by slanderous reports and malicious acts, he may blacken my character and darken my life, he may take friends and acquaintance from me, but he shall not get rid of me till the time during which I must watch him shall expire. Yes, Charlie, even though you were to turn against me—which God forbid!—I should still remain—a poor despised outcast among all my former comrades."

"But surely," I answered, "his behavior toward you is quite such as to release you from any promise you may have made him. For my part, though I can't conceive what the secret can be between you two, yet I am sure, were I in your place, I should throw honor to the winds, have my revenge on him, and clear myself, as I feel convinced you could do if you chose."

He signed me to be silent with an impatient gesture. "Hush, for mercy's sake! You don't know how strong the temptation is. Don't add your voice to that of my natural selfish nature, which is urging me to forsake all the principles I have tried to live by, and drives me, with a force I find it almost impossible to resist, to clear myself from this charge, even at the cost of my honor. How long it seems since I have had any rest—harassed, worried, annoyed on every side, dark looks and innuendoes among my comrades, a perpetual conflict between my heart and my reason—I that used to be so easy-going and light-hearted! I often wonder what will be the end of it."

"You have truly had a hard time of it," I answered; "but remember, Hugh, the old proverb, 'The night is ever darkest before the dawn.' It is now as dark with you as it can well be; before long you will see light breaking through the clouds. Keep up a bold heart, and don't let your enemy think he has triumphed. I will, now I see his game, keep an eye on him; and if I find an opportunity of defending you and showing him up, depend upon me it shall not escape me."

"Thanks, dear friend," he replied, taking my hand again. "I don't know what I should have done without you; already your steadfast faith has comforted me; besides, be the night never so dark, the trial never so bitter, it behooves us to face it like men, with a firm heart and unflinching courage. None but cowards turn from danger; the brave face it the more boldly the greater it appears; I had forgotten that."

He uttered this more to himself than to me as he sat gazing out over the broad waste of waters.

"I agree with you," I said; "trials are always less if you face them boldly. Remember that there are many others too, as well as I and those whom you like best, that will stand by you through good report and evil report. However, enough of this now; take a cigar and forget care for a time; there is nothing comforts one like a good smoke."

Hugh assented languidly, taking a cigar with the air of one who has lost all interest in life; but before long, under the soothing influence of the narcotic, he brightened up a little, and his sad face assumed a more tranquil expression. When we left our retreat no one would have guessed by his face through what an ordeal he had just passed, and the most keen-sighted among his enemies could have observed no signs of flinching when he encountered any marks of avoidance or contempt.

So we sped gayly on toward the tropics—gayly at least as regards the sailing of the vessel; for providentially we encountered none but favorable winds the whole way, otherwise we should have died of ennui, as it may well be imagined a certain stiffness reigned in our party, some of whom would neither look at nor speak to Melton; indeed, I was the only one who kept up really friendly relations with him; the few who did not believe Cameron's story could not quite take Melton's innocence for granted when he made no effort to bring forward proofs to establish it. Then, again, I, being his constant companion, came in for some of the odium attached to him, though for that I did not care a straw, as, with the exception of Solace and some few others, they were not worth caring about. Still it was dull, very dull, and thankful indeed I was that we met none of the usual calms that are generally so tiresome near the Line.

At last one evening, when we were about 26° south latitude, a fearful accident occurred, which was near ending fatally for us all. We were on deck, smoking, talking, and reading; Hugh trying to take a faint transcript of one of the most gorgeous Southern sunsets I ever beheld, and I lounging beside him, when glancing carelessly out at the foamy track left by the vessel, as she plowed her way through the rippling wavelets, I saw between me and the glowing sky a thin filmy vapor ascending. Lazily I watched for a while, as it curled and wreathed in fantastic shapes that lent a flickering softness to the brilliant tints beyond. After about ten minutes' lazy enjoyment of the novel effect, a vague wonder crept into my mind as to how it got there. Could some one be smoking, leaning out of the stern windows, or sitting among the cordage and chains? Yes, that was probably the cause of it; some of our fellows no doubt had chosen that place for a quiet chat. But who could it be? They were most of them in groups near us; I did not miss any one. So at last, out of pure curiosity, I determined to look over and see.

"I'll be back in a minute, Hugh," I said, rising very slowly and, in spite of my curiosity, reluctantly, and making my way aft. When I arrived at the taffrail and leaned over, no one was to be seen; but, what for a few seconds thought odd, there seemed to be hot vapor oozing through the crevices of the planking, and the air smelled so strangely. What could it be? I sniffed once or twice, and then with overwhelming force the conviction rushed through my mind—the ship was on fire. To run forward and tell the captain was the work of an instant, and a minute later it was found that the large saloon in the stern, in which the ladies usually sat, was on fire.

Our men manned the pumps turn about with the blue-jackets, and we put in our turn with the rest, Hugh throwing aside his unfinished sketch, and working like a horse at whatever came under his hand.

"Where is Captain Cameron?" asked Solace, coming up hurriedly to where we were working, carrying away all inflammable articles from the proximity of the fire. He was in his shirt sleeves like the rest of us, and though his face was pale, his voice was firm and clear as he spoke.

"I don't know," Hugh answered, shortly, as he turned to assist a marine vainly striving to move some ponderous article by his unassisted strength. "Why do you want him?" he continued, wiping the sweat from his brow, as he staggered forward with his tired helper.

"Only that I haven't seen him doing any thing, and I want him to come and help us. We must all work now if we wish to live."

Suddenly from the forward part of the ship glided the man he was looking for, pale, haggard, and with big drops, brought there not by toil, but by anguish and fear, standing on his brow, the very picture of abject terror.

"Oh," he cried, with a pleading gesture of the hands, "how are you getting on? Is the fire being got under? For mercy's sake, tell me quick!"

"The worst is to be feared, Captain Cameron," answered Solace, coldly, turning with disgust from the pitiable figure of his senior, for cowardice indeed changes the handsomest face into an abject and unsightly object; imagine, therefore, its effect on Cameron's sneaking countenance. For one moment he stared wildly at the brave youth, then a paroxysm of fear seized him, and forgetting all who were present—his position, duty, every thing—he raved and cursed his cruel fate in the wildest throes of mortal terror.

A minute's glance was all we could vouchsafe to this pitiable exhibition; when next we looked in that direction he was gone. A few minutes after, business took me forward, where a party of our men were taking breath after their spell at the pumps. A little apart from the silent, weary group stood Sergeant Green, and talking eagerly to him, with violent gesticulations and hurried breathing, was Cameron, whom I had so lately seen in a state bordering on lunacy from intense terror.

"Well, he is better than I thought," I observed to myself on seeing him; "he is at least encouraging the men to work, if he won't do it himself." But as I passed close behind him on my errand, judge of my surprise when I heard him say:

"We can get some of the men, sergeant; in

the confusion it will be easy to slip some water and provisions on board, and then we will be off. It is the only way to escape certain death; once the fire gains the powder, it is all up with us."

"Captain," answered Green, in the same imperturbable tone he would have used on parade—"captain, there are many *men* of ours on board this vessel, but I hope not one coward;" then, with a salute that I fancied, in its exaggerated respect, expressed immeasurable contempt, he turned on his heel and rejoined his comrades.

How proud I felt of that man! I should have liked to have gone over and shaken hands with him, as I turned and hurried aft again, to see what other work there was for willing hands. Plenty there was of it for every one; but in spite of all efforts, the fire seemed to gain ground. Here and there spits and tongues of flame might be seen shooting up through the planks, and gleaming redly through the glass sky-lights let in here and there in the deck, while volumes of smoke would burst out now and then through some unforeseen aperture, half smothering those who might be working near. I had forgotten all about the scene I had just witnessed, when suddenly I heard Hugh's voice, in a loud, commanding tone, proceeding from among a knot of men gathered near one of the boats forward.

Curious to see what was the matter, and thinking I might be of use, I ran over. When I reached the spot his back was toward me, and I waited to hear what might be the matter before interfering. Two sailors, whom I recognized as among the black sheep of the crew, were lowering the boat over the side, while round them stood a knot of men, about ten in all, some soldiers, some sailors, but all of them well known to me as possessing an indifferent reputation with their respective officers.

In the centre of the group stood Hugh and Cameron, face to face with each other. Hugh was speaking loudly, and in an authoritative manner, with his head up and his eyes flashing.

"I tell you, Captain Cameron," he was saying as I approached, "that you shall not do this thing if I can prevent it; and you," he added, turning to the men, "return every one of you to your duty, or I shall report you to your officers. Have you no shame that you should try to leave the ship before all hope is lost? Think of your comrades toiling till the very life is worn out of them to save themselves and the ship. Are you not ashamed to stand here concocting a villainous scheme that must deprive some at least of the chance of safety if you succeed, and that if you do not succeed will not the less cover you with infamy?"

"That is all very fine," sneered Cameron, a feeble spark of energy roused in him by hate and fear; "but if I prefer to save myself rather than stick by this cursed tub till the flames reach the powder, and if these brave fellows choose to make an effort for their lives, none shall prevent us; you, if you make another attempt to stop us, shall be pitched into the sea; I can promise you that much, I think."

Hugh laughed scornfully, and springing on the bulwarks caught hold of one of the davits to support himself, at the same time opening a large clasp-knife, with which he intended to cut the rope if obliged; at least, as he told me afterward, he intended to try and cut the rope, though well aware that his knife was a very weak weapon for such an undertaking.

As he opened the knife, Cameron, goaded to fury by the idea that his carefully prepared scheme was about to fail through Hugh's agency, aimed a blow at him with all his force. Involuntarily I sprang forward, intending to catch Cameron's arm, but before I could reach him the blow had been delivered; missing his mark, Cameron overbalanced and fell heavily against the bulwarks, cutting himself pretty severely about the face and head. Then I caught Hugh by the arm, and dragged him down.

"What are you about," I said, breathlessly, "standing up there, where a touch would knock you over into the water? Let us take that madman, Cameron, and shut him up somewhere; it will then be easy to deal with the rest."

We turned to look for him, and perceived Solace already assisting him to rise.

"Captain Cameron," he said, "you don't know what you are doing; you are not fit to be left alone; you must come with me and help us to work."

Cameron staggered to his feet, fairly beside himself with rage.

"It is that fellow," he yelled, pointing to Hugh; "he is setting the men against me. I will be revenged for his cursed impudence."

He struggled to get free from Solace, who, however, held him firmly, and answered:

"Captain Melton did his duty, and when you are in your calm judgment you will thank him for acting as he did. Now come with me;" so saying he went off, dragging his unwilling superior after him, who turned back for one minute to mutter a fierce curse on Melton, and swear with bitter emphasis he would be revenged. A few sharp words dispersed the skulkers, and then, turning again to our work, we found that in the interim the fire had been considerably subdued, and there was now really some hope of saving the ship.

Animated by that hope, we set to work again with a will, and in about half an hour enjoyed the luxury of resting for a few minutes without any fear of the fire, which was now completely quenched. I could hardly help laughing as I surveyed several of the most dandified young fellows in the regiment, now looking like an assemblage of chimney-sweeps and coal-heavers; indeed, some of them were so begrimed as to be almost unrecognizable. As to Hugh, now the excitement was over, he looked indeed a dismal picture; his fair hair singed, his clothes torn and dirty, and, above all, an impatient, anxious expression on his countenance. He smiled faintly as he looked at me, fancying, no doubt, that I was as queer-looking as he appeared to my eyes; but beyond this feeble attempt at merriment he seemed to make no effort to shake off his depression, and presently began to busy himself setting things as much to rights as circumstances permitted.

Next time we were alone, however, he said, "Could you have believed Cameron was such a mean-spirited ruffian? I never saw a more thorough poltroon. It adds to the perplexity I was in before. How I am to act with regard to that man I can not tell. It would be better for a woman to die than to marry a man so utterly dead to every noble and honorable feeling."

From this remark I saw his thoughts had again reverted to Miss Meares, so I made no reply, and he pursued the subject no farther.

Though the fire placed us in rather unpleasant circumstances, from the amount of loss it entailed on many of us, and from the discomfort of the temporary accommodations we had to contrive to replace things destroyed, still it had one good effect; others besides myself had seen Cameron's behavior, and were no longer inclined to pay so much attention to his insinuations against Hugh, whose conduct had been as worthy of praise as his was of blame.

Sergeant Green had also indulged himself in making a fine story out of Cameron's proposition to him and his answer, which story rapidly spread, and soon became known to every one on board; so that gentleman, now thoroughly sobered by finding the estimation in which his conduct was held, found himself presently left pretty much to his own resources.

This fire was the only event of importance that occurred to break the monotony of our life during the voyage out. When we arrived at the Cape we made ourselves more comfortable, and replaced the most necessary of those articles that had been destroyed; but our stay was short notwithstanding, and we were soon dancing over the waves of the Indian Ocean on our way to Calcutta.

How pleased we all were when, after a fearfully tedious, though on the whole rapid, voyage, we found ourselves at last slowly sailing up the Hooghly, with its gay villas and shady gardens, presenting pleasant pictures to eyes so long wearied by gazing over the monotonous expanse of ocean! How intense was our delight as we once more stood on dry land! and how really enjoyable was the week we spent in Calcutta, before proceeding up the country to the small town of A——, where we were to be stationed!

This little town lay near the Himalayas, and was at this period used as an outpost, on account of the lawless, predatory habits of some of the mountain chieftains, which rendered the constant supervision of the British government and a tolerably powerful executive necessary.

It was not a bad quarter, after all; and some of us managed to make ourselves very comfortable. There was plenty of sport, and many a good day Hugh and I had among the hills. Though at the foot of hills, our station was intensely hot, and most tantalizing it was to see far away the summits of endless mountains rising one above the other in bewildering confusion, until their snowy peaks seemed to pierce the blue vault above. Hugh reveled in the endless beauties they spread out before him of form and color, while I took every opportunity of getting a ramble over their unexplored pathways, with my gun on my shoulder and a pleasant companion by my side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE agency of atmospheric pressure in securing the union of the joints of the body has long been appreciated, although it has been thought that a puncture of the capsule connecting the joints, by thus admitting air, would materially affect this action. Professor AEBY, of Berne, however, has announced, as the result of a large number of experiments, that in the greater number and the most important of the joints of the human body the atmospheric pressure is fully adequate to retain the surfaces of the constituent bones in contact, even after the division of all the soft parts, including the capsule. This statement is true of the shoulder, elbow, and wrist, as well as of the hip, knee, and ankle joints, and the experiment succeeds in nearly every natural position of the joint, so that the extremity below any particular articulation can be made to swing within its normal limits of flexion, supported by the pressure of the air alone. Thus, as Professor AEBY expresses it, "When it is found that the arm will hang completely disarticulated in the shoulder-joint, the fore-arm in the elbow-joint, or the hand and fingers in their respective joints, no further proof is required that the ordinary teaching with regard to the relation of air-pressure to the joints is entirely erroneous." Dr. FR. SCHMID has also lately found by experiment that the atmospheric pressure which retains the surfaces of the hip joint in contact is not only sufficient to support the lower extremity, unaided by muscles or ligaments, but even to carry an additional burden equal to a third part of the weight of the leg.

Dr. PRUNIÈRES in 1873 found in the dolmens of Marvejols (Lozère) some skulls, pierced, and in their cavities small rings of polished cranial bones. Since this discovery the attention of others has been drawn to the same subject. Baron LARREY, in a communication to the Academy of Medicine, describes trepanning among the Kabyles. General FAIDHERBE found two skulls in Roknia, Algiers, similarly treated. Mr. SQUIER presented to the Société d'Anthropologie a pierced skull from an ancient Peruvian huaca. M. CHIL related at the Congress at Lille that he had found a perforated skull in the Canaries. In *Gazette hebd. de Médicine et de Chirurgie*, Av. 16, 1874, is an account of trepanning among the South Sea Islanders. The Greeks were familiar with the operation, and the word from which the name is derived, τρεπω, also describes the universal method of its performance. The motives assigned for this practice, which was performed upon infants and youth, upon the living and the dead, are various. That a blow from a stone battle-axe, or from a sling, pierced the skull, and deposited the round fragment in the cavity, is disproved by the fact that many of these wounds are healed, and the wound is unaccompanied by fracture. So we are to assign either a surgical or a religious reason; and inasmuch as religion and medicine go hand in hand among savage tribes, a mixed motive, or a purely religious one, seems to accord best with all the facts. A demon being the cause of disease, when the pain is in the head the Kabyles say they open the skull to let the disease out. The operation is not more painful than many of the initiatory rites of savages, only dangerous after violent contusion, and certainly not as fatal as the disemboweling practiced among the West Coast Africans. But the restriction of the operation to the young and to the dead points unmistakably to initiatory and funereal rites, and to the existence of ecclesiastical castes. The round fragments are all pierced in the centre, as though designed to be worn as amulets or relics. The singular habit of perforating after death the skull of one who had been trepanned while living, and of placing the bone rings in the skull of the dead, says M. BERTILLON, points to their belief in the immortality of the soul, and the desire to furnish the subject with a whole cranium in the habitations of the blessed.

Dr. BROCA'S report upon the work done at the Museum of High Studies in Paris during the last year embraces the enlargement of the collections and the scientific investigations. The plan of arrangement in the museum is to make the materials most accessible to the student and the savant. It is designed to collect that which may be useful in future researches as well as in the present. In this department Dr. BROCA acknowledges the eminent services of Dr. TOPINARD, M. CHUDZINSKI, Drs. ANTONIN MARTEN, LATTEUX, and COYNE. The hospitals of Paris have furnished the bodies of five West Coast negroes, a negress of Upper Nile, a black man from Pondicherry, a Peruvian Indian, and an Anamite. Their skulls, hair, skeletons, anatomical parts, as well as casts of such parts of their bodies as are valuable, have been carefully prepared for study. Many other objects have been added during the year, among them 450 skulls. The scientific investigations have been in two directions—the anatomy of apes with reference to anthropological studies, and the examination of the skulls, and especially the brains, of the whole series of mammals. A cabinet of anthropological instruments, not only those now used, but those which have a historical value, is a very interesting feature of this collection. Several important publications have emanated from the laboratory.

Mr. FINDLAY, the well-known geographer, born in London January 6, 1812, died at Dover on the 3d of May, thus in the sixty-fourth year of his age. During his early life he was engaged in the compilation of various maps and charts, all remarkable for their excellent workmanship and neatness of detail. In 1834 he prepared atlases of ancient and comparative geography. Subsequently to this he published several series of sailing directions for various parts of the world, amounting in all to over 6000 pages. The publications of the Royal Geographical Society contain numerous articles by him, among his last being one upon the sources of the river Nile.

The discovery of a living species of ganoid or dipnoan fish of the triassic period, recently made in Australia, attracted much attention at the time. It is the *Ceratodus forsteri* of KREFFT. No other species were known which should connect the living and extinct ones during the great lapse of time between the mesozoic and existing ages. But recently Mr. KREFFT has obtained a new *Ceratodus* from the same cave formations which contain the remains of the great extinct kangaroos and *Diprotodons*, which are late tertiary or post-pliocene. The species is called *C. palmeri*. Thus a beginning is made in tracing the line of succession similar to that recently developed in the case of the North American gar-fishes.

An important contribution to the question of the age of the so-called "transition" or "lignite" beds, which contain such a large proportion of the Rocky Mountain coal, has been made by GEORGE M. DAWSON, the geologist of the British North American Boundary Commission. He has discovered a locality rich in fossils in beds of this age on the Milk River, in the Saskatchewan district. The remains presented include fishes, turtles, and numerous land saurians, but no mammals. The saurians belong to that strange group, the Dinosauria, which are not known to have existed later than the cretaceous period, and their presence determines the lignite beds to be cretaceous in that locality, as they have already been proved to be in Dakota, Wyoming, and Colorado. Several of the species are common to most or all of these localities. There are also found in the Milk River locality remains of gar-fishes. These have been found also in the tertiary, and are yet living. Thus, although they are an ancient type, they connect the cretaceous and tertiary formations more closely than has been heretofore known.

A new candidate for public favor appears in the form of an octavo periodical, published monthly in Washington, and entitled *Field and Forest*. It will consist of short natural history articles, and be the medium of publication of the proceedings of the "Potomac Side Naturalists' Club," a natural history organization which has existed in Washington for many years.

We have already briefly alluded to the death of Admiral SHERARD OSBORNE as having taken place on the 6th of May, in the fifty-third year of his age. Some additional particulars, however, of one whose name is very closely allied with the history of arctic explorations may not be amiss at this time, when the most complete expedition ever equipped for the polar seas has taken its departure—one, too, in the preparation of which he was very largely engaged.

Admiral OSBORNE entered the British naval service at the age of fifteen, and served on the East India and China stations until 1843. In 1849 he was a volunteer in the expedition which left England in search of FRANKLIN; and his energy in exploring about Melville Bay and the neighboring regions was rewarded by an appointment to the command of the *Pioneer*, which in 1852 renewed the same search. We have previously referred to his relations to the British war in the Crimea, and to his entering the service of the Chinese government.

Admiral OSBORNE'S interest in arctic exploration never wavered. It had been manifested for many years by repeated communications and addresses to the Royal Geographical Society, as well as by appeals in the public newspapers; and these efforts did much toward securing ultimate action on the part of the British societies in the way of arctic search.

In a recent number of the proceedings of the German Society at Yokohama an interesting account is given by HOLTZ of the Japanese game of chess. The chess-board is, he says, divided into eighty-one squares of the same light yellow color, which are distinguished among themselves by drawing black lines over the yellow board. The squares are not true squares, but somewhat longer than broad, in order to correspond to the figures of the chess-men themselves. The figures are, like the board, of the same color, but of a more decided yellow, perfectly distinguishable from that of the board itself. In the English game we have thirty-two pieces and sixty-four squares. In the Japanese we have forty pieces and eighty-one squares. The separate figures are of different sizes, in proportion to their value, but have all the same shape, *i. e.*, very nearly that of a truncated pyramid. The queen is the greatest, the peasants the smallest; but the difference in size between the separate figures would scarcely suffice to prevent mistakes, if it were not that the name and value of each figure are written in Chinese letters upon their upper sides. Except the queen and certain other figures, they all have also a second sign on their bases, which bases are turned uppermost during the first part of the game, and only turned down when the piece itself has reached the enemy's side of the board. The pieces are so placed upon their squares that the narrower sides are turned toward the opponent, so that one at a glance easily recognizes each of the figures belonging to the other party. In this way the Japanese, by the position of their figures, attain the same end that the Europeans accomplish by differences of color. Concerning the movements of the pieces, which HOLTZ describes in detail, we will only state that the king's moves are very similar to those in the European game. There is no piece whose movements correspond to those of the queen in the English game.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"INTEMPERANCE," said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, with a rich emotion in her tone, "is like an after-dinner speech;" at the same time bringing her hand, containing the snuff she had just brought from the box, down upon her knee, while Lion, with a violent sneeze, walked away to another part of the room. "Intemperance is a monster with a good many heads, and creeps into the bosoms of families like any conda or an alligator, and destroys its peace and happiness forever. But, thank Heaven, a new Erie has dawned upon the world, and soon the hydrant-headed monster will be overturned! Isn't it strange that men will put enemies into their mouths to steal away their heads?" "Don't you regard taking snuff as a vice?" we asked, innocently. "If it is," she replied, with the same old argument, "it's so small a one that Providence won't take no notice of it; and, besides, my oil factories would miss it so!" Ah, kind old heart, it was a drunkard's argument.

A new sign for a tavern has recently been invented—Dew-drop inn (do drop in).

"How much did he leave?" said a lady on learning the death of a wealthy citizen. "Every thing," responded the lawyer; "he didn't take a dollar with him."

KEEPING THE LAW.—There was an old Quaker who had an unfortunate reputation of non-resistance. It was said that any one could jostle him, tread on his toes, or tweak his nose with impunity, until one market-day a blustering fellow, being told that yonder was a man who, if he was smitten on one cheek would turn the other also, thought it would be sport to try him. Stepping up to the sturdy, good-natured Friend, he slapped his face. The old man looked at him sorrowfully for a moment, then slowly turned his other cheek, and received another buffet. Upon that he coolly pulled off his coat. "I have cleared the law," said he, "and now thee must take it." And he gave the cowardly fellow a tremendous thrashing.

A poor fellow who pawned his watch says that he raised money with a lever.

"Hast thou ever loved, Henrietta?" I sighed. "I should rather imagine I had," she replied. "Oh, did not my glances my feelings betray, when you helped me to pudding the third time to-day?"

Why are chickens the most profitable things a farmer can keep?—Because for every grain they give a peck.

Two persons of satiric turn met a neighbor, and said, "Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most knave or fool." The man took each of the querists by the arm, so that he was in the middle. "In truth," said he, "I believe I am between the two."

"Gardening for ladies" is all very well, but the dears are more inclined to agriculture than horticulture, on account of a partiality for husbandry.

"Madam," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you, facts are very stubborn things." "Dearie me, you don't say so!" quoth the lady; "what a fact you must be!"

The minister who divides his discourses into too many heads will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all of them.

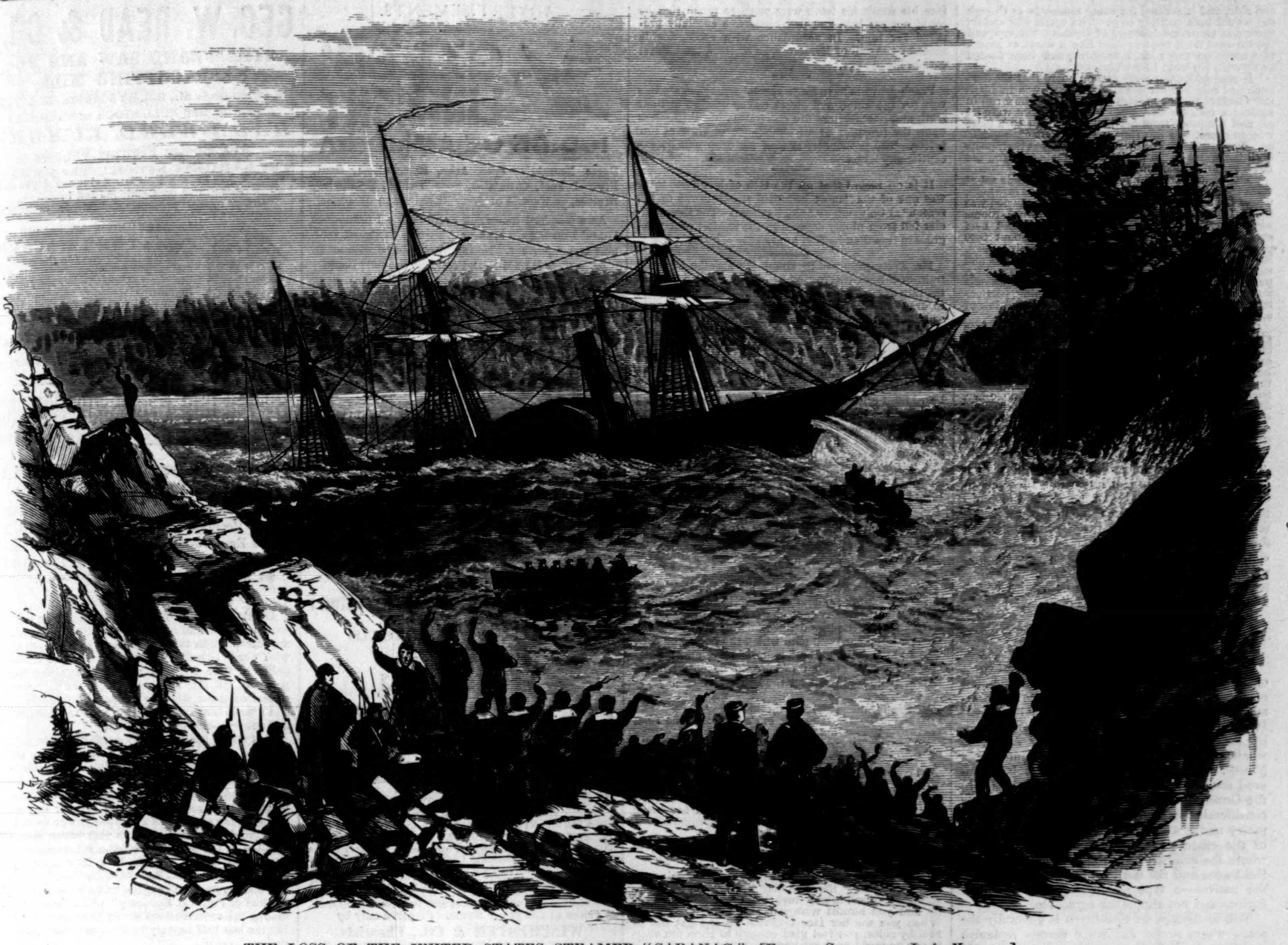
A countryman went to see his lady-love, and wishing to be conversational, observed, "The thermomokron is twenty degrees above zelon this evening." "Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kinds of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

"Who's that gentleman, my little man?" was asked of an urchin. "That one with the spike-tailed coat?" "Yes," was the response. "Why, he's a brevet uncle of mine." "How's that?" was asked. "'Cause he's engaged to my aunt Mary."

What language does an Arabian child speak before it cuts its teeth?—Gum-Arabic, unquestionably.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

IRON AND BLOOD—THIS "DON'T SCARE WORTH A CENT."



THE LOSS OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "SARANAC."—[From a Sketch by J. A. Kelley.]

THE LOSS OF THE "SARANAC."

The following graphic and interesting account of the loss of the United States steam-ship *Saranac* is from the pen of a gentleman who was on board of the vessel at the time of the disaster, to whom we are also indebted for the spirited illustration given on this page:

"The *Saranac* left Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, the evening of the 17th of June, at half past eight, bound on an expedition to Behring Sea, etc., in search of curiosities for the Centennial. Through the night we steamed up the Straits of Georgia, and about half past eight in the morning we entered a dangerous passage called Seymour Narrows. The ship was under the guidance of Captain William E. George, one of the most experienced pilots on this coast. Word was passed among the officers that we were approaching one of the most dangerous places in the 'inside passage,' and nearly every one gathered on the hurricane deck to see the ship go through. The ship was going at the rate of about fourteen knots, that is, steaming seven, with a current of seven or more.

"We were watching the foaming waters in front of us, when suddenly the ship swerved to one side, and refused to mind her helm. She was caught in a whirlpool caused by counter-currents of water. Then she struck a sunken rock with tremendous force, throwing almost every one standing from his feet, careened on

THE ISLAND OF DISCO.—[See Page 626.]

one side, and it seemed for some moments as though she would turn entirely over. The crash was awful; there was an ominous sound of breaking timbers, and the forward deck bent upward like a sheet of paper. She hung on the rock a moment, and then floated away with her head to the current.

"It was evident to every one on board that the *Saranac* had received her death-blow. She was immediately headed for the nearest shore, and her bow run in against a rocky bluff. Both bower anchors were let go, and a hawser from her bow made fast to a large tree on shore. By this time the fires were extinguished. The engineers and firemen remained at their posts until the water began to rise about their feet, and did not leave until their longer stay was useless.

"The boats were now lowered, and all hands set at work trying to get out some provisions. The fore hold, where the salt meat was stowed, on being opened was found full of water. Fortunately the bread-rooms were accessible, and there was some canned beef stowed aft. We were able to get out about 2000 pounds of bread and 400 pounds of preserved meat. Besides this, the paymaster secured his books and money. The ship's chronometers were also saved. A portion of the personal effects of the officers and men was also got out, but many lost every thing, particularly officers, whose duties required them to think of something besides their personal property.

"The ship struck at 8.45. At 9.50 the order was given for every one to leave her, as it was momentarily expected she would go down, the water being already on the berth deck. At 10.15 she sank, stern foremost, her decks bursting open forward with a noise like thunder, and the water bursting in huge jets from her hawse-holes. She snapped the hawser that held her, like a pack-thread, going down backward in 300 feet of water as gracefully as if being launched. She went down with every thing standing. The waters closed over her topmasts. A boat and a loose spar or two were all that remained to show where she had been."

An officer was immediately sent off with a boat's crew to obtain assistance, and the remainder of the shipwrecked men, nearly 200 in number, encamped on Valdez Island to await his return. They remained there until Tuesday, June 22, when they were taken off by the steamer *Otter*, belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, and the English gun-boat *Myrmidon*, the latter having volunteered to go to their assistance immediately on hearing of the disaster.

THE ISLAND OF DISCO.

The island of Disco, situated on the west coast of Greenland, contains a small Danish settlement of the same name on the shore of a safe and commodious place of anchorage called Goodhavn. It is a regular rendezvous for the English whaling fleet, and is frequently visited by American whalers. The settlement numbers about twenty houses. The population does not reach a hundred souls. The Danes who visit the island in the Governor's suit, and others who make any considerable stay on the island, not infrequently marry native women, so that at Disco and some of the other settlements families may be seen where the children have the light flaxen hair of the Danes and the dark bronzed complexion of the natives—a type of physiognomy which is curious and not altogether agreeable.

The anchorage of Goodhavn is generally the place where arctic exploring vessels replenish their stores before proceeding further north. The inhabitants are simple-minded and very hospitable, as far as their means will allow, and strangers always receive the kindest of treatment at their hands. Our engraving on page 625 shows the watch-house on the summit, the Lutheran church, the Governor's house, surrounded by store-houses, and other straggling buildings. A steamer has apparently just entered the harbor, and canoes are putting off to visit her and learn the news from the outside world.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Details recently received from Maracaibo concerning the late earthquake in Colombia and Venezuela confirm the terrible extent of the disaster as first reported, and show that there is extreme suffering in Cucuta and other desolated cities. The most careful estimate places the lives lost at 14,000. A fearful putrid fever is raging wherever the earthquake extended, and many who, having escaped death from the shock, returned to the ruins to recover some portion of their property, have fallen victims to the pestilence. According to statements made by the consul of Venezuela at Cucuta, the following Venezuelan towns were destroyed: San Antonio. Capacho, Tariba, San Cristobal, Lobatera, Michelena, Colon, San Juan de Ureña, and Guaiamos. Of the towns belonging to Colombia there were destroyed San José de Cucuta, Rosario, Pueblito, San Cayetano, Santiago, Salazar, Galurdo, Arbaleda, Chuiacota, and Cucutella. The total value of the property lost at San José de Cucuta was about $7,000,000.

The elements seem to have conspired against man during the last two or three months. The volcanic eruptions in Iceland have laid waste a large extent of country, causing wide-spread desolation and destruction of life. The recent floods in France have resulted in most calamitous loss of life and property. Violent storms in Hungary and Switzerland have wrought dreadful ruin. And as if the fire-fiend were not content to be inactive, the Russian town of Morschansk has been visited with a terrible conflagration. Two hundred lives are reported to have been sacrificed, besides many more hundreds injured, and over a thousand buildings burned. The number of homeless and destitute exceeds ten thousand.

Among the touching incidents related in connection with the floods in Southern France is the following:

"At Castel-sarrasin a young mother took her infant twins, tied them together, and placed them in a large wooden trough used for kneading bread, and committed it to the waves, hoping thus to save her children's lives, as she felt that her house was about to fall. The improvised boat floated safely for a time, but soon afterward the current dashed it against the trunk of a tree, where it was broken. The poor woman, to whom maternal love gave a superhuman force, succeeded in seizing a branch, and climbed into the tree. But it was too weak, and began to crack ominously. She then rapidly tied the infants to a branch, kissed them, made the sign of the cross, and leaped into the waves. The little twins were saved, but the devoted mother was drowned."

"Cruiser," the celebrated horse imported from England in 1861 by John S. Rarey, recently died at the Rarey farm, in Ohio, at the age of twenty-two years. It will be remembered by some persons that "Cruiser" was an exceedingly vicious animal until subdued by Mr. Rarey; then he became as gentle as a kitten. Before his death his teeth were worn so much that he could not eat hay, and provender was specially prepared for him. In accordance with arrangements made by the will of Mr. Rarey, he received the kindest care in his old age.

Peach-growers have made special arrangements this year for the quick and direct transportation of their fruit, and peach-eaters are congratulating themselves upon the prospect of an abundance of fruit at low prices. The probability is that the crop will be exceptionally large.

It is on record that on the 11th of last June there was one of the "most beautiful snow-storms of the season" at Calumet, on Lake Superior. The thermometer fell from ninety degrees in the shade to forty degrees in less than half an hour.

Mr. Keely proposes in about six months to run a train of thirty cars from Philadelphia to New York at the rate of a mile a minute with one small engine, and to draw all the power out of as much water as one can hold in the palm of his hand. People are waiting for those cars.

In the midst of tragic disasters some comic incident often occurs. During the rise of the flood at St. Cyprien, in France, some soldiers passing a pile of ruins heard faint cries of "Papa." To track the sounds and discover the locality from which they proceeded was but the work of a moment; to rescue the entombed victim was that of some hours. It was rather disappointing to the gallant fellows, after all their exertion and toil, to find that, although their labors had not been in vain, they had only rescued a fine gray parrot from an untimely end.

The "Fresh Air Fund" of Brooklyn proposes to give eight excursions to the sea-side this season, if sufficient money for the purpose is raised. Poor children are eagerly hoping for their turn.

Three Feathers, a novel by William Black, is a delightful book for summer reading. It is not so much the plot of the story that charms as the graphic descriptions, the life-like delineations of character, and the sparkling passages with which the book abounds. The style is both natural and striking, and a paragraph read at random is sure to be entertaining. Bright little sayings meet the eye on every page, as for example:

"'You'll take my advice another time.'

"'Did *you* ever take any one's advice?' she said, venturing to look up.

"'Yes, certainly,' he answered, 'when it agrees with my own inclination. Who ever does more than that?'

* * * * * * * *

"'Don't you think she is the best judge?'

"'No, I don't,' he said. 'I think she is no judge of what is best for her, because she never thinks of that. She wants somebody by her to insist on her being properly selfish.'

* * * * * * * *

"'Oh yes, mothers think very well of a girl until they discover that she is going to marry their son.'

* * * * * * * *

"'Do you know any one whose face is a sort of barometer to you? Suppose that you see her look pale and tired, or sad in any way, then down go your spirits, and you almost wish you had never been born. When you see her face brighten up and get full of healthy color, you feel glad enough to burst out singing or go mad; anyhow, you know that every thing is all right. What the weather is, what people may say about you, whatever else may happen to you, that's nothing; all you want to see is just that one person's face look perfectly bright and perfectly happy, and nothing can touch you then. Did you ever know any body like that?' he added, rather abruptly.

"'Oh yes,' said Mabyn, in a low voice; 'that is when you are in love with some one.'"

Recent daylight burglaries have startled the citizens of New York. Three well-dressed men, pretending to be agents of the Water Board, recently gained admittance to a house in Eleventh Street, bound the lady who was alone in the building, and searched every place where valuables might be secreted. Accomplices were admitted by them, and they occupied the premises for more than half an hour, finally leaving with $40,000 in Virginia State bonds. It does not seem safe nowadays to have any money or valuables in one's dwelling-house.

Cooling off the body suddenly is attended with much danger. A negro living on a farm near Richmond, Virginia, died lately of pleurisy contracted by sleeping in a hammock in the ice-house during one warm night.

Newport is rapidly filling up, and while the hot weather lasts the hotels will be crowded to their utmost capacity. The fashionables have taken possession of their elegant cottages, and the regular series of stylish receptions has commenced.

Life in a tent at Round Lake possesses peculiar fascinations for many. The rules of the association preserve order, insure safety, and exclude every thing objectionable—except mosquitoes! But mosquitoes defy all rules.

Shelter Island claims to be a cool resort. It has groves of oak, hickory, and locust, and also has a population of about 800 people, who are engaged in farming and fishing.

There were, "they say," twenty-three marriages in Saratoga last season; the number of engagements unknown. This year a Japanese prince is to be in the matrimonial market at Saratoga.

No use of any longer taking the large, repulsive, griping, drastic, and nauseous pills, composed of crude and bulky ingredients, and put up in cheap wood or pasteboard boxes, when we can, by a careful application of chemical science, extract all the cathartic and other medicinal properties from the most valuable roots and herbs, and concentrate them into a minute granule, scarcely larger than a mustard seed, that can be readily swallowed by those of the most sensitive stomachs and fastidious tastes. Each of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets represents, in a most concentrated form, as much cathartic power as is embodied in any of the large pills found for sale in the drug stores. From their wonderful cathartic power, in proportion to their size, people who have not tried them are apt to suppose that they are harsh or drastic in effect, but such is not at all the case, the different active medicinal principles of which they are composed being so harmonized, one by the others, as to produce a most searching and thorough, yet gently and kindly, operating cathartic. The Pellets are sold by dealers in medicines.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GILES' LINIMENT
TRADE MARK
IODIDE OF AMMONIA

Cures **Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises,** or **Wounds** of every kind in man or animal.

As a standard remedy in every family I pronounce Giles' Liniment Iodide of Ammonia the most valuable and important. No family should be without it.
T. L. RAYMOND, President Produce Bank.

Sold by all Druggists. Depot 451 Sixth Ave., N. Y. Only 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

HOUCHIN'S
Patent Non-Explosive
Pocket Cook Stove.
With Gridiron and Boiler, holding one pint.
This is the most complete and portable cook stove. It can be carried in the pocket. Sent by mail on receipt of $1 50. Send for Circular.
Address THE HOUCHIN M'F'G CO.,
Nos. 150 to 158 East 169th St., New York.

WINCHESTER'S
HYPOPHOSPHITE
OF LIME AND SODA.
The Great Cure for Consumption!
And a Famous
VITALIZING
TONIC.

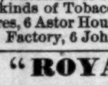
The most perfect ever discovered, and the best in the world.

This famous VITALIZING TONIC will give you Strength and Appetite. It will BUILD UP, INVIGORATE, and VITALIZE the entire Nervous and Physical Systems, imparting Tone, Vigor, Brain Power, and Nervous Force and Energy, and make you feel like a new being. For Delicate Ladies and Children it is excellent. For CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, WEAK LUNGS, ALL CHEST and THROAT AFFECTIONS, GENERAL DEBILITY, and WEAKNESS of every description it is the grandest and best remedy known.
Prices $1 and $2 per Bottle. Prepared only by
WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,
36 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Deafness and Catarrh.—A Lady who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

SUPPLY FOR 100 YEARS
FROM THE
MAGIC INKSTAND
Without refilling. Size 2x3 inches.
Fluid, $2 00. Copying, $2 50.
The fluid is in all colors. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.
R. C. ROOT, ANTHONY, & CO.,
62 Liberty St., New York.
☞ Send for Circular.

FOR SALE BELOW PAR,
7, 8, and 10 PER CENT.
CHOICE CITY AND COUNTY
MUNICIPAL BONDS, &c.
PAYING 10 TO 15 PER CENT.
INTEREST ALWAYS PROMPTLY PAID.
ALBERT H. NICOLAY & CO.,
No. 43 PINE ST., NEW YORK.
N.B.—Investment Securities our specialty 23 years.



F. J. KALDENBERG'S
MEERSCHAUMS
AND AMBER GOODS
Sent C. O. D. to all parts of the country. Send stamp for Illustrated Price-List, wholesale or retail. Repairing in all its branches. All kinds of Tobaccos always on hand. P. O. Box 91. Stores, 6 Astor House, Broadway; 71 Nassau, cor. John St. Factory, 6 John St., near Broadway, New York.

"ROYAL DAGMAR"
PERFUMES
are exquisite, true, and lasting. Ladies and gentlemen sending their address will receive sample bottle of this
CELEBRATED PERFUME FREE.
Address **EDDY BROS.,**
362 Broadway, New York.

DAVID'S PATENT

DISINTEGRATOR.

FOR GRINDING
Bones, Fertilizers, Clay for Bricks, and hard material.
Send for Pamphlet to
DENMEAD & SON,
Baltimore, Md.

FISHING TACKLE.
Send 10 cents for our new catalogue, containing 150 colored and engraved Illustrations of Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Fishing Tackle, Gymnasium, Base Ball, and Sporting Goods; the Best and most Complete Catalogue ever published. FISH & SIMPSON, 132 Nassau St., N. Y.

Fort Edward Collegiate Institute—for Ladies and Gentlemen. Prepares for College, Business, or Life. **Sixteen teachers.** $194 per year for board, with course in English. Fall term, Sept. 2.
JOS. E. KING, D.D., Fort Edward, N.Y.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,
STEAM-BAND SAW AND VENEER-CUTTING MILL,
186 to 200 Lewis St., foot 5th & 6th Sts., E. R., N. Y.
Always on hand FULL STOCK of SEASONED
HARD-WOOD LUMBER
And Choice Figured Veneers.
The LARGEST STOCK! The GREATEST VARIETY! The Lowest Prices!
☞ Enclose Stamp for Catalogue and Price-List.
Orders by mail promptly and faithfully executed.

LOVEJOY'S METALLIC
WEATHER HOUSES
Indicate the changes in the weather, and are pretty mantel ornaments. The little lady appears in fair and the man in stormy weather, and they never make mistakes. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of $2 00 (Two), by
ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,
Proprietor & Manufacturer,
229 Washington St., Boston.
Special price to dealers.

By the late Professor Cairnes.

The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy.

The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy. By J. E. Cairnes, LL.D., late Emeritus Professor of Political Economy in University College, London. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Any thing written by Professor Cairnes on political economy is sure to command the attention of all who are interested in the development of a science which with every advance has discovered some erroneous policy or false doctrine, not only thwarting human progress, but also at variance with the particular interests of those who are supposed to benefit by it, and who defend and support it with all their strength and energy.—*Spectator*, London.

Mr. Cairnes has rendered a great service to the literature of political economy in bringing out a second and greatly enlarged edition of this remarkable work. The present volume has received so many and such valuable additions that it will be read with almost as much interest as if it were an entirely new work. The general purpose of the book, which is to show that the deductive method is that which should be adopted in the pursuit of economic investigations, is dealt with by Mr. Cairnes in a most masterly and conclusive manner.—*Examiner*, London.

We are convinced that the "Character and Logical Method of Political Economy" will take a high rank among the contributions which have been made during the last half century to Economic Science.—*Athenæum*, London.

The lucidity and logical coherence of Professor Cairnes's writings render them admirable text-books for students, as well as useful for more mature thinkers. It is a real pleasure to read them.—*Saturday Review*, London.

Some Leading Principles of Political Economy.

Some Leading Principles of Political Economy newly Expounded. By J. E. Cairnes, LL.D. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

It is with great pleasure that we welcome another contribution to Political Economy from the ablest living representative of the school of Ricardo and Mill. —*Saturday Review*, London.

* * * We can only, in concluding, thank Professor Cairnes for a work which is perhaps to the student of the present day second in importance only to the immortal treatises of Adam Smith and Mill.—*British Quarterly Review.*

The appearance of a new volume from the pen of Prof. Cairnes is always a matter of congratulation among students of political economy. But the satisfaction produced by the present work will be enhanced by the fact that it not only throws new light on some of the most important problems of the science, but that it entirely recasts the theory of cost of production, and thereby clears away, to a great extent, the mists and fogs by which the doctrines of international trade and international values are surrounded. * * * We can only conclude by hoping that it will not be long before this book, the most important contribution which political economy has received for many years, is in the hands of every student of the science.—*Athenæum*, London.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

STEWART'S
SLATE & MARBLE MANTELS
220 & 222 WEST 23D ST. N.Y.

CANCER.
We remove Cancer without Pain, no Caustics or Knife used. The Cure is Perfect. Inclose 25 cents for pamphlet containing cases and references. Address, Drs. PARK & McLEISH, No. 21 East 16th St., N. Y.

SHOT-GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS & REVOLVERS,

Of any and every kind. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address **Great Western Gun and Revolver Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

ARTHUR V. BRIESEN,
SOLICITOR OF PATENTS, &c.,
258 Broadway, New York.

PRINTERS' Cabinet, Type, Press, and Boxwood Depot; Eagle Cabinets; Pattern Letters. Vanderburgh, Wells, & Co., cor. Fulton & Dutch Sts., N.Y.

Hide-&-Seek.

A pair of life-size figures for the lawn in STONE.

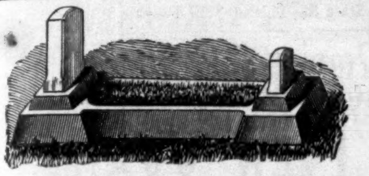
Indestructible by any weather.

Vase on each for earth and flowers.

Enclose 10 cts for illustrated catalogue and prints to JOHN ROGERS, 212 Fifth Ave., New York.

PORTLAND CEMENT.

For walks, cisterns, foundations, stables, cellars, bridges, reservoirs, &c. Remit 6 cts. for practical treatise on cements. S. L. MERCHANT & CO., 76 South St., N. Y.



RANK'S GRAVE GUARDS.

Designed for the purpose of preserving the symmetry of burial mounds, and holding the usual Head and Foot Stones more securely and permanently in position. Illustrated Catalogues furnished on application.
AMOS RANK & CO., Salem, Ohio.

WORK OF ART. THE PUBLISHERS will forward on receipt of **50 cents two beautiful works of art,** "Country Cousin's Cool Reception by her City Cousin," and "City Cousin's Warm Reception by her Country Cousin." Address **ART UNION CO.,** Box 277, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THROW AWAY YOUR OLD PRESSES.

Buy the SELF-INKING Columbian, **STRONGEST, CHEAPEST, BEST,** will do the work of a $250 press. 4x6, $14; 6x9, $37; 8x12, $60. Good Card Press, type, roller, ink, &c., $5. Stamp for catalogue to CURTIS & MITCHELL, Type Founders, 21 Brattle St., Boston. Estab. 1847.

THE
Work of God in Great Britain.

The Work of God in Great Britain: under Messrs. Moody and Sankey, 1873 to 1875. With Biographical Sketches. By RUFUS W. CLARK, D.D. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

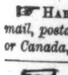
It is a complete and very stirring description of this powerful religious movement, and affords a clear view of its causes, methods, and development.—*Boston Journal.*

It is exceedingly impressive and interesting—giving, comprehensively and compactly, a full and lucid narrative of the series of wonderful meetings which have been held by these Evangelists in Great Britain and Ireland during the past year. * * * It is full of touching and wonderful incidents, the perusal of which can not fail to impress the heart of every thoughtful reader.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

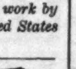
The work of Dr. Clark is the most complete compilation of facts relating to the Moody-Sankey revival which has yet appeared; and, whatever view may be taken of their work and the permanence of its results, his book can not be read without interest.—*Utica Herald.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

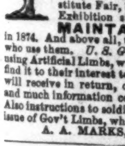
☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of* $1 50.



ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

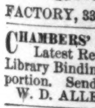


MARKS' PATENTS, with Rubber Hands and Feet, received GOLD MEDAL at American Institute Fair, 1865, and *First Premiums* at every Exhibition since, closing with Diploma for **MAINTAINED SUPERIORITY** in 1874. And above all, their most earnest advocates are the thousands who use them. *U. S. Gov't Mfr.* Every disabled soldier and citizen using Artificial Limbs, who are not now familiar with our Patents, will find it to their interest to send us a clear statement of their case; they will receive in return, our large Pamphlet, containing a history of, and much information concerning these world-renowned Substitutes. Also instructions to soldiers *how* to make their applications for the *new* issue of Gov't Limbs, which commences in July, THIS YEAR—*all free.*
A. A. MARKS, 575 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

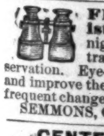


Imitation Gold Watches and CHAINS, at $15, $20, and $25. Each Chain $2 to $12 to match. Jewelry of the same sent C.O.D. by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. *No Agents.* COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696.

CHAMBERS' Encyclopedia at Half Price. Latest Revised Edition of 1875, Complete Set. Library Binding for $22 (cost $45), other styles in proportion. Send stamp for Circulars, &c.
W. D. ALLEN & CO., 121 South 7th St., Phila., Pa.



FIELD, Opera, Marine, Tourist's, and general out-door day and night Double Perspective Glasses, of extraordinary power and wide field of observation. Eye-glasses and Spectacles to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by inclosing stamp.
SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician, 687 Broadway, N.Y.



CENTENNIAL PRINTING PRESS the neatest, simplest, cheapest bed and platen press ever made, screw chase, adjustable guage, with ink table and roller, warranted to do good work, and sold for TWO Dollars! By mail, $2.90. A miniature printing office—press, cabinet, cases, two fonts of type, ink, leads, &c., for $5.00! By mail, $7.25! Circular free. Agent wanted. JOSEPH WATSON, 73 Cornhill, Boston; 53 Murray St., New York.

NOVELTY DEPOT. All the Best and Fastest selling Novelties—Chromos—Pens—Pencils—Holders—Stationery, &c., &c. Catalogue free. **CITY NOVELTY CO.,** Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED.—A case of either Diabetes, Gravel, Inflammation of Kidneys and Bladder, or Brick Dust Deposit, that "Constitution Water" will not cure. Dose 40 drops. For sale by all druggists.

STANDARD SCHOOL BOOKS.

HARPER'S
UNITED STATES READERS.

First Reader,	25 cts.	Fourth Reader,	80 cts.
Second Reader,	40 "	Fifth Reader,	$1 10.
Third Reader,	60 "	Sixth Reader,	1 40.

POINTS OF SUPERIORITY.

The literary character and high moral tone of the selections.

The easy and natural grading of the series, and its general adaptation to the demands of the school-room.

The mechanical execution, including the quality of the paper, the type, the binding, and the beauty and number of the illustrations.

From JAMES J. FRANKLIN, *of the Text-Book Committee, Albany, N. Y.*

After a long and careful examination of six different series of Readers, the Board of Public Instruction of the city of Albany adopted the "United States Readers" as being the *best* for our schools.

From J. BALDWIN, *President of the State Normal School, Kirksville, Mo.*

Children never weary of their fresh, delightful, and instructive lessons.

From JOHN E. SHERWOOD, *Prin. Public School No. 8, Albany, N. Y.*

Your Readers give good satisfaction.

From NELSON JOHNSON, *Supt. City Schools, Fort Madison, Iowa.*

In December last our Board of Education adopted Harper's "United States Readers," and since then we have tested them in the class-room. Teachers and pupils are well pleased with them. They merit all that is claimed for them.

From A. D. LYNCH, GEO. C. THACHER, *and* S. A. KENNEDY, *Trustees of the Public School, Shelbyville, Ind.*

We take great pleasure in adding our *unqualified testimonial* to the worth and excellence of Harper's "United States Readers." After a *careful and impartial* examination of all the Readers before us, we adopted, by a unanimous vote, the above-named series.

From J. E. RYAN, *Prin. Public School No. 26, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The "United States Readers" have been in constant use throughout the school of which I have charge for seven years. They are entirely satisfactory.

From C. A. LISLE, *Principal of High-School, Burlington, Iowa.*

I have carefully examined Harper's "United States Readers," and am highly pleased with them.

From W. A. BELL, *in the "Indiana School Journal."*

Considering the grading, variety of style, the pictures, the character of the selections, the easy conversational style, the selections and notes for the benefit of teachers, this is, in our judgment, *the best series of Readers published.*

From R. ANDRUSS, D.D., *President Indiana Asbury University.*

I have examined with care Harper's "United States Readers," and without hesitation I give them my hearty approval. I shall be gratified, because of their *very practical* character, if these Readers be brought into general use in all the public schools of the county, and shall be glad to have any part in introducing them *widely.*

Liberal terms for first introduction. Copies for examination with a view to introduction sent to teachers and school officers on receipt of half the retail price.

Catalogue and Descriptive Circulars of School and College Text-Books mailed free to any teacher or school officer on application.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

BUY J. & P. COATS' BLACK THREAD for your MACHINE.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, & Bazar.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00, *without extra copy: Postage free.*

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

SKIN DISEASES. A CURE GUARANTEED. State your case, and send with 25 cents, to DR. VAN DYKE, 1321 GREEN ST., PHILA., PA.

HYMNS, with Hymn Tunes by R. BATTELL, *Abide with Me, Ninety-Second Psalm, Twenty-Third Psalm,* and *Jesus Lover of my Soul,* arranged from Mendelssohn. Published by BROWN & GROSS, Hartford, Conn., and for sale at Five Cents each—four copies sent postpaid for Twenty Cents.

EVERY BODY BUYS IT!

AGENTS One Agent made **$15** in three hours. ENTIRELY NEW. **Nothing like it being sold.** LARGE PROFITS. The best selling article ever offered to Male and Female Agents. Address HOOD & JOSEPH, Indianapolis, Ind.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The subscriber begs leave to inform Book Canvassers, Students, and all who are seeking lucrative and respectable employment, that he is prepared to offer liberal inducements to those who will engage in the sale of the following new and popular works, by subscription, viz.: A new and popular Dictionary of Religious Knowledge, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT; the great Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature, by M'CLINTOCK & STRONG; the authentic Journals of the late Dr. LIVINGSTONE, and the same work in a cheaper form, at $2 50. Also, in a few weeks the order-books for the new work, "Bible Lands," by Rev. HENRY J. VAN-LENNEP, D.D., will be ready. For further particulars, address AVERY BILL,
Care of HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

WANTED Agents for the best-selling Prize Packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, golden Pen, Pen Holder, Pencil, patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, post paid, 25c. Circular free. BRIDE & CO., 769 Broadway, N. Y.

10 DOLLARS PER DAY AGENTS WANTED to sell THE IMPROVED HOME SHUTTLE Sewing Machine. Address Johnson, Clark & Co., Boston, Mass.; New York City; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

CHOICE MUSIC For 15 cts. will send sheet music worth 50c. " 50c. 6 choice pieces and portaits worth $3. W. D. ALLEN & Co., 121 S. 7th St., Phila., Pa.

SOMETHING FOR YOU. Send stamp and get it. Address F. P. GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass.

"ART OF CANVASSING; OR, AGENTS' AID." This little work will enable any one to make a living. By mail, 25c. ☞ Send Stamp for Circular. New York Book Concern, 7 Warren Street, New York.

$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted every where. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

$30 to **$60** a week made by our Agents every where. We have all the new and standard novelties, chromos, &c. Valuable samples sent free with circulars. ORIENTAL NOVELTY WORKS, 111 Chambers St., N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

DRAKE'S NOOKS AND CORNERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST. Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast. By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, Author of "Old Landmarks of Boston," "Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex," &c. With numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

II.

CAIRNES'S CHARACTER AND LOGICAL METHOD OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy. By J. E. CAIRNES, LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Political Economy in University College, London, Author of "Some Leading Principles of Political Economy Newly Expounded." 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

III.

CARLYLE'S EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY. The Early Kings of Norway; also an Essay on the Portraits of John Knox. By THOMAS CARLYLE, Author of "The History of Friedrich II., called Frederick the Great," "History of the French Revolution," "Past and Present," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

IV.

GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. A Short History of the English People. By J. R. GREEN, M.A., Examiner in the School of Modern History, Oxford. With Tables and Colored Maps. 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

V.

HAVEN'S MEXICO. Our Next-Door Neighbor. Recent Sketches of Mexico. By the Rev. GILBERT HAVEN, D.D., Bishop in the M. E. Church. With Maps and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

VI.

WOOD'S MAN AND BEAST. Man and Beast Here and Hereafter. Illustrated by more than Three Hundred Original Anecdotes. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S., Author of "Homes without Hands," &c. 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

VII.

THE WORK OF GOD IN GREAT BRITAIN: under Messrs. Moody and Sankey, 1873 to 1875. With Biographical Sketches. By RUFUS W. CLARK, D.D. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

VIII.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Spain. With over One Hundred Maps and Plans of Cities. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," and "History of the Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune." Fourteenth Year. In Three Vols., 12mo, Full Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per Vol. (*the Vols. sold separately*); or the Three Volumes in one, similar Binding, $7 00.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The following Novels are bound in Paper, 8vo, except where otherwise specified:

Playing the Mischief. By J. W. DE FOREST. 75 cents.

Miss Angel. by Miss THACKERAY. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Ward or Wife. Illustrated. 25 cents.

The Lady Superior. By ELIZA F. POLLARD. 50 cents.

Iseulte. 50 cents.

Walter's Word. By JAMES PAYN. 75 cents.

Bluebeard's Keys, and Other Stories. By Miss THACKERAY. 75 cents.

Our Mutual Friend. By CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated. $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Three Feathers. By WM. BLACK. Illustrated. $1 00.

Rape of the Gamp. By C. WELSH MASON. Illustrated. $1 00.

Alice Lorraine. By R. D. BLACKMORE. 75 cents.

Our Detachment. By KATHARINE KING. 50 cents.

Mr. Vaughan's Heir. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT. $1 00.

Safely Married. By the Author of "Caste," "Colonel Dacre," &c. 50 cents.

The Law and the Lady. By WILKIE COLLINS. Illustrated. 75 cents. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

The Story of Valentine and his Brother. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 75 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. **24** best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address **J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.**

AGENTS wanted for the best selling *Maps* and *Religious* and *Historical Charts* at the lowest rates. HAASIS & LUBRECHT, Publishers, 107 Liberty St., N. Y.

AGENTS—16 Oil Chromos mounted, size **9x11, for $1. 100 for $5.** Largest variety in the world. NATIONAL CHROMO CO., Phila, Pa.

A $5 00 Gift Free TO ALL AGENTS. The grandest offer ever made. Write SIMPSON & SMITH, 64 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City.

$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

$60 TO 90 a week and expenses to all. Articles new: staple as flour. Samples free. C. M. LININGTON & BRO., N. Y. or Chicago.

EMPLOYMENT for all. Patent Novelties and Chromos. Catalogues free. G. L. Felton & Co., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

$10 TO $25 per day. Send for Chromo Catalogue. J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

$20 A DAY. *HOW TO MAKE IT. Send for Circular.* *NOVELTY CO., St. Louis. Mo.*

"THIS WAS THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL."—SHAKSPEARE.

"The *Tribune* strikes another blow in its own household by imputing to Gratz Brown, who may be remembered as the junior partner of a political alliance, 'profound and phenomenal ignorance,' because he joins in the cry for more irredeemable currency. The designation is well applied. It is fortunate for the country that it pertains to an almost forgotten politician rather than to the President of the United States, as might have been the case had the *Tribune's* influence among American voters been as potent as it imagined it to be."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

GEO. WOODS' DRYING PROCESS.

Invented by Mr. GEO. WOODS, the well-known Organ-Maker.

DRIES LUMBER OR ANY OTHER MATERIAL IN ONE-FOURTH THE USUAL TIME, and increases its value 10 per cent. by reason of its not warping or checking.

IT CAN BE APPLIED TO ANY FORM OF DRY-ROOM at trifling expense, and costs nothing to run it.

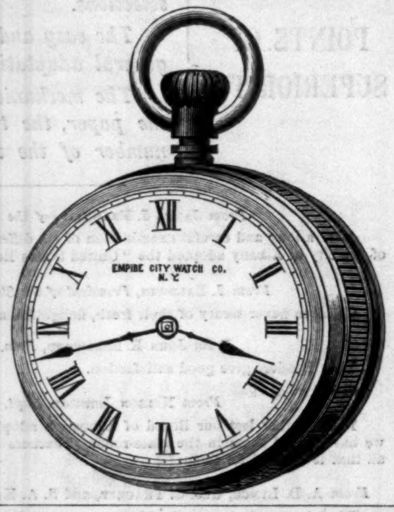
It will not injure the fibre of any organic or inorganic substance, and SAVES TIME, HEAT, AND MATERIAL.

It is simply condensing moisture instead of evaporating it. ☞ ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE DISCOVERIES MADE IN MANY YEARS.

All Manufacturers should apply at once for particulars. Address

GEO. WOODS & CO., Cambridgeport, Mass.

WAREROOMS: 608 Washington St., Boston; 170 State St., Chicago; 28 Ludgate Hill, London.



Empire City Watch Co.'s NEW WATCH.

A WANT LONG FELT, HITHERTO UNSUPPLIED.

Coin Silver Case.

Sound, Reliable, Lever Movement.

Stem-Winder, - - $15.

COMES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

Ask your jeweler to see it; if he can not supply you, send to undersigned for address of nearest jeweler who keeps them.

Liberal discounts to the trade, who will be supplied with price-lists, terms, and all particulars on application—enclosing business card—to

EMPIRE CITY WATCH CO.,
13 Maiden Lane, New York.

OCEAN HOUSE,

Newport, R. I.

WEAVERS & BATES.

The Fashionable Style of SUMMER STRAW HAT

For Gentlemen is a

SWISS DUNSTABLE,

Only 1 Ounce in weight, introduced by

YOUMANS,

Nos. 719 & 1103 Broadway.

J. Q. LAWS,

1161 BROADWAY, Corner 27th Street,
UNDER COLEMAN HOUSE. NEW YORK.

Highest Priced Tailor in the World.

ORGAN
THE "ESTEY" LEADS THE WORLD

[Established 1846.]

J. ESTEY & CO.

Brattleboro, Vt.

☞ Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Standard American BILLIARD TABLES

H. W. COLLENDER,
(Successor to Phelan & Collender),
Office and Warerooms 738 Broadway, N. Y.

MICROSCOPES—From 50c. to $500, for scientific investigation and home amusement; Magnifying Glasses, Telescopes, Spy Glasses, Lenses of all kinds. Price-List free. McALLISTER, Manufacturing Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.

WATCHES.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Union Square, New York,

Having completed their factory at Place Cornavia, Geneva, Switzerland, are now receiving full lines of WATCHES of their own manufacture.

In addition to their STEM-WINDING STANDARD WATCH for gentlemen, they offer a full assortment of COMPLICATED WATCHES.

CHRONOGRAPHS, MARKING FIFTH SECONDS.
CHRONOGRAPHS, WITH SPLIT SECONDS.
CHRONOGRAPHS, WITH SPLIT AND INDEPENDENT SECONDS.
REPEATERS, STRIKING HOURS AND FIVE MINUTES.
REPEATERS, STRIKING HOURS AND MINUTES.
SELF-ACTING REPEATERS, STRIKING HOURS AND QUARTERS.
CALENDAR WATCHES, SHOWING DAY OF THE WEEK, MONTH, AND CHANGES OF THE MOON.

Their WATCHES for Ladies are of the same system as their STANDARD WATCH, are thoroughly adjusted to temperature and position, and are stronger and of much higher grade and finish than any before offered for ladies' use.

SILVER WATCHES for boys, fine movements, in every desirable size, both stem and key winders.

All inquiries by mail will receive prompt and comprehensive replies.

BOATING GOODS.

	PER DOZ.
Knit White Seamless Cotton Shirts	$21 00
" Flesh Color Seamless Cotton Shirts	24 00
" Worsted Fancy Colors.......$39 00 to	48 00
" " Tights	39 00
" " Caps	11 00
White Duck Navy Caps	15 00
" Canvas Boating Slippers	12 00
" " Oxford low-cut Shoes	24 00

We also deal extensively in Base-Ball Outfits, Cricket and Archery Goods, Fishing Tackle, &c., &c., in great variety. Enclose 10 cents for our new Illustrated Catalogue. Address **PECK & SNYDER,**
Manufacturers, 126 Nassau St., N. Y.

Excelsior Portable Printing Presses

"Lowest Priced and BEST."

Do Your Own Printing

$3 Press for cards, labels, envelopes, etc. Larger sizes for larger work.

BusinessMen do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. **Amateur Printing**, delightful pastime for spare hours. **BOYS** have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue presses type etc to the Mfrs **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

$50 to $10,000

Has been invested in Stock Privileges and paid

900 PER CENT. PROFIT.

"How to Do It," a Book on Wall St., sent free.
Tumbridge & Co., Bankers & Brokers, 2 Wall St., N.Y.

THE GREAT RACE MEETING OF AMERICA,

At SARATOGA SPRINGS,

Saturday, July 24th, 27th, 29th, 31st, and August 3d.

SECOND MEETING,

August 10th, 12th, 14th, 17th, 19th, & 21st. **W. R. TRAVERS, Prest.**

Trifling with Biliousness Won't Do.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented.

In this way chronic disease is brought on. A disordered liver is the consequence of a foul stomach and obstructed bowels, and the very best preparation in existence to put them in perfect order and keep them so is

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT APERIENT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WOOD BROTHERS,

No. 740 BROADWAY.

New Styles of Pleasure

CARRIAGES,

For town and country driving, made from the latest and most approved designs, manufactured from the best materials only, and of strictly first-class workmanship. Prices have been reduced, and each carriage is warranted in every particular.

CHILDREN TEETHING

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething has stood the test of thirty years. Millions of mothers can testify that it is reliable. Relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, regulates the bowels, gives an infant troubled with colic pains quiet sleep, and its parents unbroken rest.

Electro-Silicon

is GUARANTEED to be the best article known for Cleaning and Polishing GOLD, SILVER, WARE, &c. Try it. Sold by druggists, house-furnishing stores, and jewelers.
COFFIN, REDINGTON, & CO.,
No. 9 Gold St., N. Y.

Telescopes and Marine Glasses

AS USED IN THE LATE REGATTA.

Send 10 cents for Illustrated Catalogue.

JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.
601 BROADWAY, N. Y.
924 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

WALTHAM WATCHES

TO BUY one try the following plan: **WRITE A SHORT LETTER** (on a postal card will answer) as follows:

Howard & Co., 222 Fifth Avenue, New York:

Send me your new Price-List of Waltham Watches, as advertised in "Harper's Weekly,"

(Sign name and address in full.)

By return mail you will receive the Price-List free and postpaid. It is a book of 16 pages, and in it are described **ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR VARIETIES** of Waltham Watches, from which you can not fail to make a selection. Send us the order according to the directions in the Price-List, and **WE WILL SEND THE WATCH** by express, with the bill to collect on delivery. On every bill are instructions to the Express Agent to allow the purchaser to **OPEN THE PACKAGE AND EXAMINE** the watch before paying. If it is not in every way satisfactory, you need not take it, but let it **COME BACK AT OUR EXPENSE;** even after you have taken and paid for it, if it does not prove satisfactory, you can exchange it, or we will **REFUND THE MONEY** at any time within a year.

Do not let distance from New York deter you from writing, as the farther you are **THE MORE ADVANTAGE IT IS FOR YOU** to buy of us.

We have sold some sixteen thousand Waltham Watches on this plan during the last six years, and fully one-half went **WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI** and to the Pacific States and Territories. At all events, if you feel the least interest in the matter, write for the Price-List. **IT WILL ONLY COST YOU ONE CENT** for a postal card.

Be sure and mention that advertisement was seen in *Harper's Weekly.*

Address: **HOWARD & CO.,**
222 FITH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

☞ *Every Watch warranted by special certificate.*

SEA-WAY.

THE tide slips up the silver sand
Dark night and rosy day;
It brings sea treasures to the land,
Then bears them all away.
On mighty shores from east to west
It wails and gropes and can not rest.

O tide, that still doth ebb and flow
Through night to golden day:
Wit, learning, beauty, come and go—
Thou giv'st, thou tak'st away.
But sometime, on some gracious shore,
Thou shalt lie still and ebb no more.

WITCHCRAFT.

THE belief in witchcraft so prevalent during the Middle Ages illustrates with terrible force the influence that a fanatical delusion can exercise over the minds of human beings. And it also shows how little reliance can be placed on the testimony of any number of witnesses in times of great popular excitement, when multitudes will be found to honestly believe in alleged facts which have no other foundation than their own excited imaginations. The absurd superstition concerning witchcraft prevailed as late as the beginning of the seventeenth century. The power it exercised over the popular mind is almost incredible. If any one felt an unaccountable illness in any part of his body, or suffered any misfortune in his family affairs; or if a storm arose and caused any damage by sea or land; if cattle died suddenly, or, in short, if any event or circumstance occurred out of the routine of daily experience, the cause assigned was witchcraft. Not only the common people were victims of this delusion; the educated portions of the community were also believers in it. The clergy themselves trembled before the supposed power of witches. Church and state were alarmed for their safety. Three of the popes issued bulls to put down the practice of witchcraft, and James the Sixth of Scotland, afterward King of England, in the first year of his reign issued the following edict: "Any one that shall use, practice, or exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any purpose, etc.; such offenders, duly and lawfully attainted and convicted, shall suffer death." The persecution that ensued was frightful. Inquisitors were appointed, a regular form of trial laid down, and a course of examination arranged by which those guilty of the practice of witchcraft might be discovered and convicted. The victims of this terrible inquisition were chiefly women, usually some helpless old crone whose age and infirmity should have protected from all suspicion of ability to work either good or evil to her neighbors. A squinting eye or squeaking voice, a crooked tooth or a hairy lip, were sufficient to lay a poor old woman open to the suspicion of witchcraft; and such poor creatures were selected and subjected to the most horrible tests that could be devised by the inquisitors, who were armed with the full power of the law.

The witches were supposed to be women who had fallen under the power of the devil, who had appeared to them in the form of a lover, and won them to his service by the exercise of his arts. A bargain was supposed to have been made, usually in writing, and signed in the witch's own blood. She was then rebaptized, receiving a new name, required to trample on the cross, renouncing Christianity and belief in God in a formula parodied from the renunciation of the devil in the ceremony of Christian baptism. A mark was then impressed on some part of her body, which remained forever after insensible, and was one of the means of discovery employed by the witch-finders. The witch thus became entirely the servant of her master the devil, and his assistant in the work dearest to his heart—that of winning back souls that had been redeemed from his dominion by Christ. In this way the persecution of witches gained additional vehemence from the heat of religious fervor. To the witch was given power to work all manner of mischief, to raise storms, blast crops, inflict racking pains on an enemy, and cause men and women to pine away in sickness. If a witch attempted to do good, the devil was enraged, and chastised her. They were powerless also to serve their own interests in any way, and always remained wretched and miserable.

A prominent feature in witchcraft was the belief in meetings held at night by witches and devils, called the Witches' Sabbaths. First anointing her feet and shoulders with a salve made from the fat of murdered and unbaptized children, the witch mounted a broomstick, distaff, rake, or something of the same nature, and making her exit by the chimney, rode through the air to the place of rendezvous. If her own particular demon lover came to fetch her, he sat on the staff before, and she behind him, or he came in the shape of a goat, and carried her off on his back. At the place of assembly, the archdevil, in the shape of a large goat with a black human countenance, sat on a high chair, and the witches and demons paid homage to him by kneeling before him and kissing his feet. The feast was lighted up with torches, all kindled at a light burning between the horns of the great goat. Among the viands there was no bread or salt, and they drank out of ox hoofs and horses' skulls. After eating and drinking they danced to music played on a bagpipe with a horse's head for a bag and a cat's tail for a chanter. In dancing they turned their backs toward one another. Between the dances they related to one another what mischief they had done, and planned more. At the close of the revel the great goat burned himself into ashes, which were given to the witches to raise storms with.

During the reign of James the First numerous official investigations into alleged cases of witchcraft were made by the king himself, who was very much interested in the subject, and is said to have derived great pleasure from questioning old women in regard to their dealings with Satan. In the year 1590 James made a voyage to Denmark to bring home his appointed bride, the Princess Anne. Soon after his arrival a tremendous witch conspiracy against the happy conclusion of his homeward voyage was discovered, in which the principal agents appear to have been people of considerable social importance. The king had all the accused brought before himself for examination, and even superintended the tortures applied to them to induce confession. One of them, Mrs. Agnes Sampson, declared that the great object with Satan and his emissaries was to destroy the king, that they had held a great convention at North Berwick for no other end, and that they had endeavored to effect their aim on many occasions, and particularly by raising a storm when James came across from Denmark. The witches demanded of the devil why he bore such a hatred to the king, who answered that the king was the greatest enemy he had in the world. On this occasion thirty persons were executed, and these proceedings gave occasion, no doubt, to the famous work on demonology shortly after published by the king.

Some of the stories told of the mischief done by witches would be very amusing if it were not for the horrible torture and bloodshed that nearly always ensued to the unfortunate persons suspected. The following story comes from Scotland:

A blacksmith of Sarrowfoot had two apprentices, brothers; both were steady lads, and, when bound to him, fine healthy fellows. After a few months, however, the younger of the two began to grow pale and thin, and show signs of declining health. The elder brother questioned him, and he confessed that he had fallen in love with his master's wife, who was a witch, though no one suspected it, and through her ill usage he should soon be brought to the grave. In an agony of tears he sobbed out that every night she came to his bedside, threw a bridle over him, and changed him into a horse. Then, seated on his back, she urged him on for miles and miles over wild moors to the rendezvous where she and her vile companions held their hideous feasts. There he was compelled to remain until morning, when she rode him home. Thus his nights were passed, and he complained that her treatment of him was rapidly killing him. That night his brother took his place. At the usual time the lady came, bridle in hand, and flung it over the elder brother's head. He was immediately changed into a fine hunting horse. The lady mounted him and started for the trysting-place, which on this occasion happened to be the cellar of a neighboring laird. While she and her companions were regaling themselves with claret and sack, the hunter was left in a spare stall in the stable. By rubbing his head against the wall he finally loosened the bridle and succeeded in getting it off, upon which he immediately recovered his human form. Holding the magic bridle in his hand, he waited quietly until the witch appeared, then flung it dextrously over her head, when lo! she was changed into a fine gray mare. He mounted her, and dashed off over ditch and hedge, until he suddenly perceived that she had lost a shoe. He then took her to a blacksmith, had the missing shoe replaced and a new one put on the other forefoot. Then he rode her up and down a plowed field until she was nearly worn out, and quietly took her home and pulled off the bridle just before her husband awoke. The honest blacksmith arose, utterly ignorant of what had been going on; but his wife complained of being very ill, almost dying. The doctor was sent for. When he came he wished to feel the patient's pulse, but she refused to show her hands. Æsculapius was perplexed; but the husband, vexed by her obstinacy, pulled off the bedclothes, and the horseshoes were found tightly nailed to her hands. On examination her sides were found to be raw and bruised by the kicks given her by the apprentice boy during his ride. The brothers now came forward and told their story. On the following day the witch was tried by the magistrates of Selkirk and condemned to be burned to death on a stone at Bullsheugh—a sentence which was promptly carried into effect. It is added that the boy was at last restored to health by eating butter made from the milk of cows fed in church-yards, a sovereign remedy for consumption brought on by being witch-ridden.

Germany was the first country to become aroused to the folly of this popular delusion concerning witchcraft, and to protest against the atrocities which it occasioned. A crusade against it was headed by a physician named Weier, who demonstrated the absurdity and impossibility of the prevalent notions as early as the middle of the sixteenth century. But so great was the difficulty of uprooting the stupid superstition that persons were executed for witchcraft in Switzerland as late as 1782. The laws against it were not repealed in England until 1736. The common people in some parts of Great Britain still believe in the power of witches, and in 1863 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at the village of Hedingham, in Essex.

OUT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

ON our opening pages we give engravings from two characteristic water-color paintings by Mr. T. W. WOOD, which attracted much attention in the Water-color Exhibition at the New York Academy of Design last winter. Mr. WOOD is a realist in art. He slights nothing, but paints the accessories in his pictures with all the care bestowed upon the principal object. The picture of the "Poor White" is an excellent specimen of his manner of working. If he has not painted every wisp in the haymow, every thread in the man's clothing, and every crack and knot-hole in the beams and boards, he gives the impression that he has done so. This almost photographic minuteness of finish finds many admirers.

Mr. WOOD generally chooses subjects from common life, preferring also the country to the city, perhaps as affording more picturesque material of the kind that pleases his fancy. The two pictures we engrave present a strange and almost pathetic contrast—the "Poor White" of the South, a type of humanity which must disappear with the advance of education and industry, and the smart "Gentleman of Color" stepping gayly along the street, perfectly satisfied with himself and the world in general.

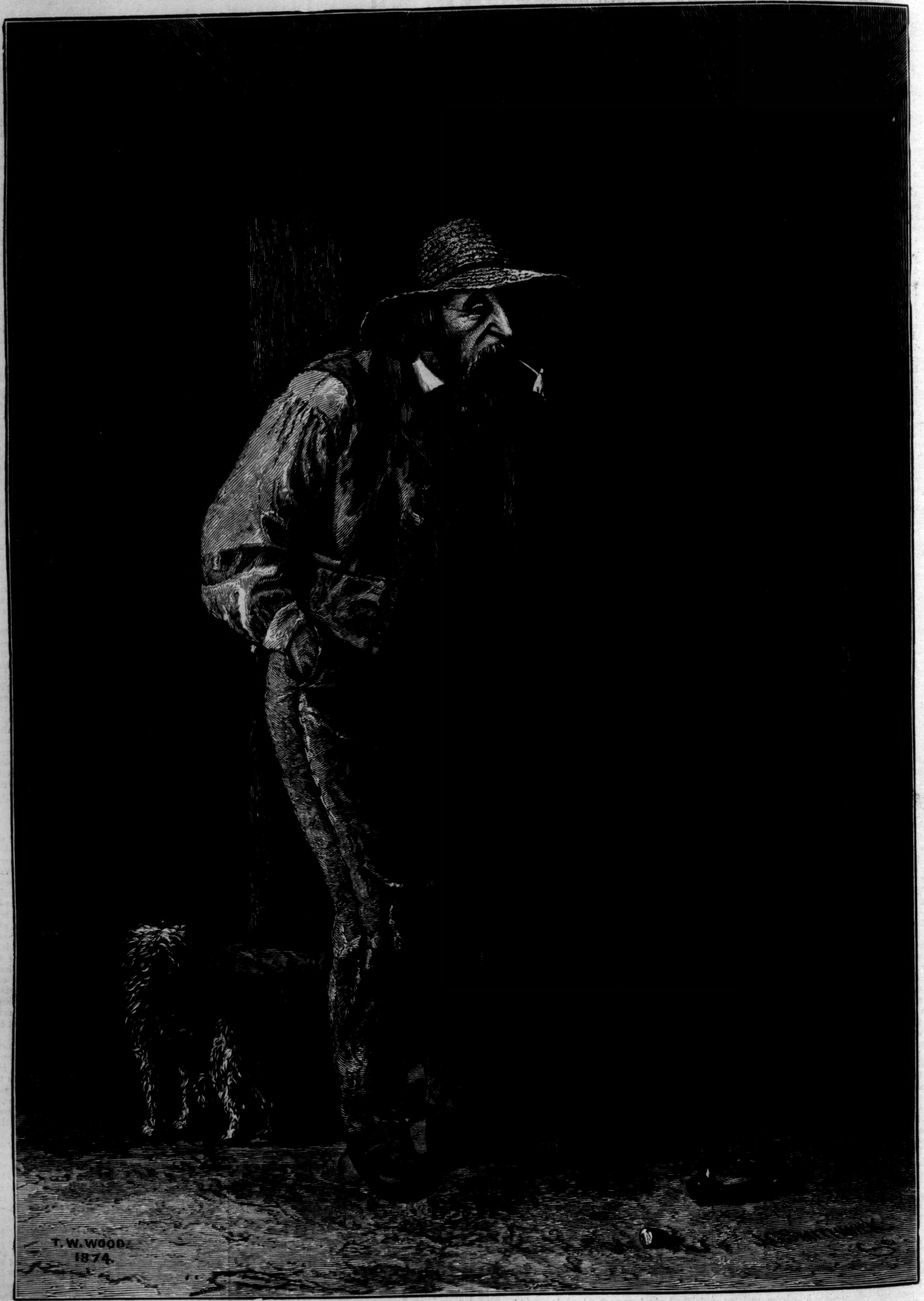
AERIAL TRAVEL.

HUMAN ingenuity has made no improvement upon nature's plan of flying through the air. Every little while there is a startling account of the construction of a novel machine by which the difficult problem has finally been solved. Such announcements must be received with many grains of allowance. When some kind of apparatus is constructed which becomes specifically lighter as it ascends, and actually weighs less up in the clouds than when on terra firma, it will be the first step in the long-sought-for direction. But another power must be acting in harmony, and that must be a motor.

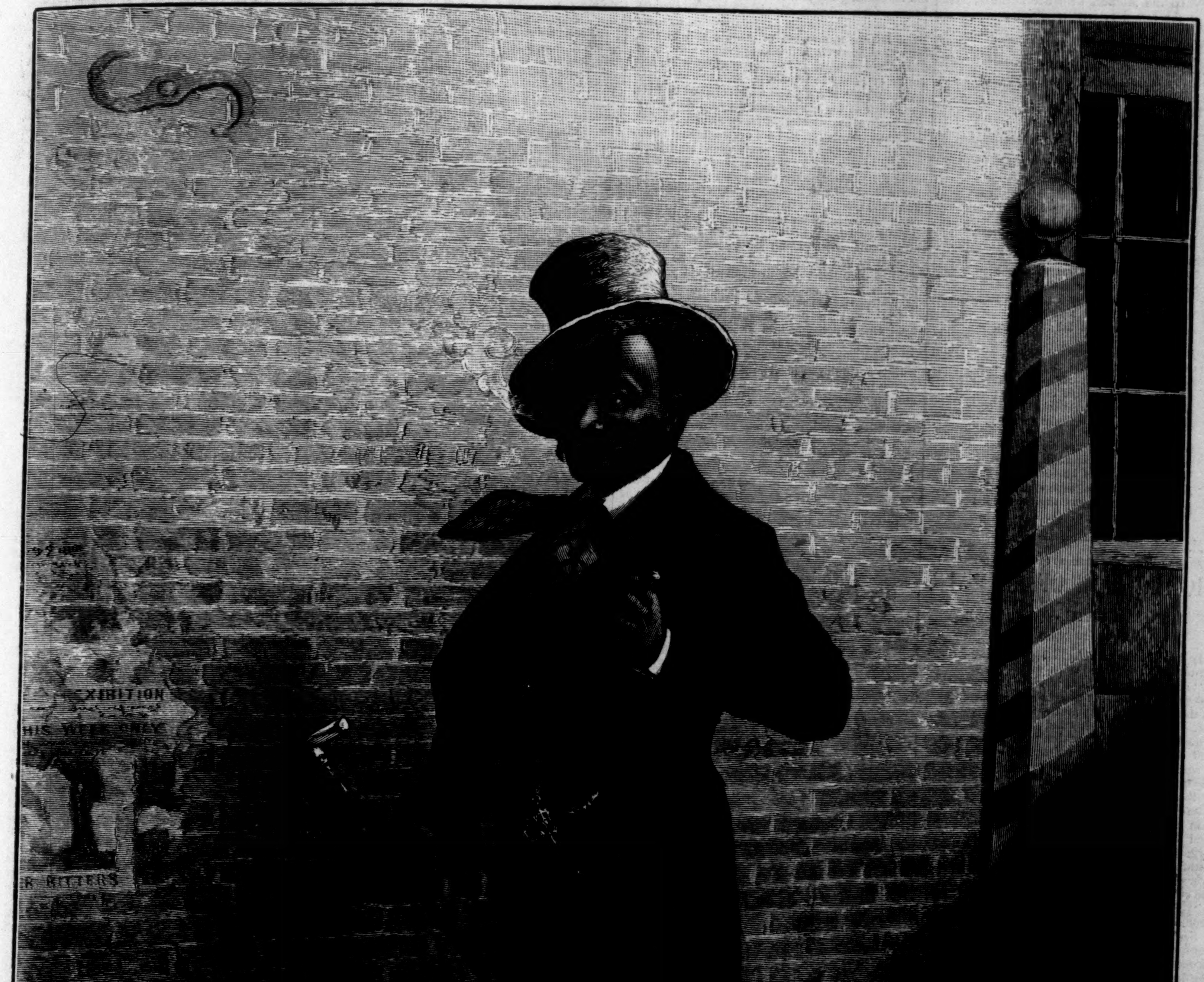
Birds have a curiously constructed body of hollow tubes communicating with the lungs, and the inhaled air passes through them to the extremity of each quill and feather. By the flapping of their wings the circulation is augmented for the time, which raises the vital temperature, which in turn rarefies the pent-up air in the quills, bones, and air-chambers—equivalent to the air-bladder in fishes—so that the condor at an elevation of two and three thousand feet floats like an India rubber ball with scarcely any muscular effort. This is the principle of flying. The tail is the rudder, acting precisely like the flukes of a whale or the flexible candal extremity of any fish, by which a course is steered. A further mechanical condition for perfection in aerial locomotion is a peculiar form of the head, so as to present the least amount of friction.

Now when all those points are gained, and an exact specific levity is secured proportioned to the weight to be moved—precisely as nature constructs flying animals—then there may be some hope, but not much, of discovering a practical method of navigating vessels in the air.

The peril of ascending with a steam-engine, fire, or highly inflammable materials for generating a propulsive power would stand in the way of sufficient patronage to sustain any enterprise of this character.



SOUTHERN SKETCHES—A POOR WHITE.—FROM THE WATER-COLOR PAINTING BY T. W. WOOD.—[SEE PAGE 629.]



SOUTHERN SKETCHES—A GENTLEMAN OF COLOR.—FROM THE WATER-COLOR PAINTING BY T. W. WOOD.—[SEE PAGE 629.]